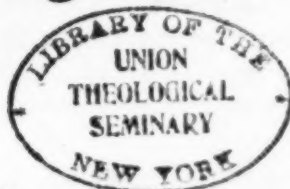


The
**CHRISTIAN
CENTURY**

A Journal of Religion



Our Sex-Obsessed Literature

By Lynn H. Harris



THE DISCIPLES

—Through Methodist Eyes

By Paul Hutchinson



The "War" in the Orient

An Editorial



Fifteen Cents a Copy—Oct. 30, 1924—Four Dollars a Year

OCT 31 1924

Many Creeds—One Faith

THE confusion of the present time has for many persons but little of cheer. To them modern life is inspired by a spirit of selfishness and hatred that can lead only to chaos. Deeper-seeing minds can detect beneath this unprecedented confusion the tidal heart-beat of a new democracy whose ruling motive is the spirit of brotherhood.

The prophets and poets have usually looked forward in confident hope of this event. The hymn-writers have almost invariably done so. Even when theologians, with their creeds, have divided humanity into groups, the world's great singers have persistently sounded the unifying note of love and fellowship. There is no feature of the hymnal—

HYMNS OF THE UNITED CHURCH

Edited by CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON
and HERBERT L. WILLETT

which has stirred so much comment as the spirit of Christian brotherhood which prevails throughout the book. Note the following extract from the preface:

"The editors regard as of greatest significance their discovery through these hymns of a spiritually united Church. Many creeds seem to melt together in the great hymns of Christian experience. A true Christian hymn cannot be sectarian. It belongs to all Christ's disciples. From many sources, far separated ecclesiastically, there comes one voice of common praise and devotion. It is from this perception of a united Church existing underneath the denominational order, a Church united in praise, in aspiration and in experience, and expressing its unity in these glorious hymns, that the title which this book bears was first suggested. Hymns of many creeds are here, interpreting, however, but one faith. It is our hope that wherever these hymns are sung the spirit of unity may be deepened and Christians be drawn more closely together as they draw near to their common Father in united worship."

This great hymnal is preeminently fitted for use in churches where there is an aspiration for real fellowship and cooperation among the followers of the Master

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EDITORIAL

The General Fails to Produce

ON THE SEVENTH DAY of last March Brigadier-General Albert Jesse Bowley addressed the chamber of commerce of Columbus, Ohio. It was one of those "shh! shh!" addresses. No reporters; nothing for the papers; just the confidential low-down on what only a soldier knows as to the nefarious schemes of those who would overthrow by violence the government of the United States. Unfortunately for General Bowley there were ladies present. Specifically, some of the ladies were officers of the county branch of the League of Women Voters. They went from the meeting and made affidavit that the general, in speaking of Mr. Frederick J. Libby, secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, had made seven specific charges against Mr. Libby, and they listed the charges: 1. That Mr. Libby was educated for the promotion of communism in Russia or by Russians; 2. That after returning from Russia he taught communism in Pennsylvania; 3. That he is a communist; 4. That he is the "reddest of the reds;" 5. That he and a Mr. Nicholson "take turns" in visiting Russia to get instructions direct from the soviet government; 6. That the National Council for the Prevention of War is the tool or organ of the soviet government, and that its constructive measures are simply a cloak to hide its sinister designs; 7. That Mr. Libby and the National Council have as their impelling motive the overthrow by violence of our form of government. The ladies thereupon wrote General Bowley that of course "without strong proof an American army officer would not bring such charges." And would he please produce such proof? As constituents of the National Council they were con-

cerned. The general referred them to three others for the proofs, said he had been speaking on his own initiative and not as an army officer, "with the distinct understanding that there should be no publicity." The ladies reiterated their request for specific proofs of specific charges from the general himself. Evidently, they made the general believe they meant business, for he wrote them that he had made a special trip to Washington to hurry up proceedings, where he found his friends "carefully preparing a brief that will stand in a court of law. . . . You will have the proof of my remarks and more too before many days. Rest assured that I will not cease in my efforts until you are satisfied." That was on March 23; and that has been the last out of General Bowley. Nor has the brief promised put in an appearance.

Sources of Public Defamation

THE OHIO LADIES, having failed to receive anything but empty promises from General Bowley, turned to the three sources he had given them. The replies received from all three would make hilarious reading, were not the issue such a serious one. The first, after ducking responsibility by saying, "It is absurd to say all this information concerning Frederick J. Libby was obtained from me," closes, "Naturally I cannot comply with your request to supply you with documents which I possess. I would be a greater fool than my worst enemies accuse me of being were I to let such documents out of my possession." The second, in a lengthy diatribe against Libby, in the course of which it is said that "army officers should be perfectly free to criticize particularly paid pacifist propagandists

such as Mr. Libby," is careful to say, "As to whether he (Mr. Libby) was ever in Russia, we are not informed. . . . We have not charged him with being a communist, as we do not charge anybody with anything unless we can prove it." And the third, who runs a red-baiting column in a New York financial paper, contributes this gem: "I do not know General Bowley personally, nor have I ever had any direct communications with him. I know him by reputation, and his reputation is that of a loyal, patriotic, American citizen. It is possible that in his address in Columbus he used expressions which if literally construed he could not prove, but as to his real purpose, no honest citizen can question him." Later, the same gentleman joined the general in promising "full information." Nothing more has come from him. The ladies of the Franklin county League of Women Voters have rendered a public service in publishing all this and other correspondence bearing on this particular incident. General Bowley, perhaps relying on the unsupported assertions of some of our professional patriots, seems to have gone on the principle that, because he disagrees with a man's ideas, he is at liberty, behind locked doors, to attempt to assassinate that man's character. And when the defamation is detected, instead of being man enough to acknowledge his wrong, he does nothing.

Religious Bootlegging— The Church's Dilemma

BISHOP KINSOLVING of Texas has done the church at large a real service by the phrase which he used in his argument in the Episcopal house of bishops against the election of a new missionary bishop to take the diocese now vacant in Mexico. As reported in our news columns, Bishop Kinsolving pointed out that the new Mexican constitution prohibits the propagation of religion by foreigners, or their holding property for religious purposes in that country. To send in a bishop under such a condition the bishop of Texas characterized as "ecclesiastical bootlegging," and by the narrow margin of one vote persuaded his brother bishops not to do so. The law that Bishop Kinsolving quoted is certainly in the Mexican constitution. It is generally understood to have been placed there in order to give the government a chance to deal with the Roman hierarchy—always until recent years a dominant factor in Mexican politics. By a sort of informal understanding the Protestant forces in Mexico have gone ahead since the constitution went into effect doing business in their accustomed ways and without much interference. In fact, in certain forms of social work they have had the open encouragement of the government. And such Catholics as have shown their intention to behave themselves—speaking from the government standpoint—have likewise been able to carry on their work. From an evangelical point of view it is, in fact, probable that the years of the Obregon administration have been the most hopeful and satisfying of any since Protestant work began in the republic south of the Rio Grande. And the arguments made by Bishop Kinsolving's opponents in the house of bishops, that this is a poor time to leave a revived evangelicalism without adequate leadership, would be echoed by all the denominations working in Mexico.

What Is the Relation of Church and Law?

YET THIS DOES NOT AFFECT the truth of Bishop Kinsolving's position. That law is on the statute books of Mexico, and it ill becomes any church at this period when so much of an outcry is being made over the necessity of law enforcement and law obedience, to seek to profit by any sort of evasion. The bishop is right: such a course is ecclesiastical bootlegging and nothing less. But what is the church to do under such circumstances? Only what any group is at liberty to do in any people's government when it finds itself in disapproval of a law—agitate in a legal manner for the law's change. We doubt whether any sane person would seriously counsel the right of the church to proceed to foment revolution under the circumstances. As little can we afford to follow the example of the oil men and bring pressure to bear through diplomatic channels to insure the non-operation of the law. We must content ourselves with the same process of agitation by which any other reform can be legally brought to pass. Certainly it is time we stopped the seeking of special privilege, under whatever guise. Nothing has done more to undermine the power of the church than its attempt to secure exemptions favorable to itself. In the long run, the desire to benefit by a special ruling will ruin us as completely in Mexico as it will in Chicago. And all the churches now conducting work in Mexico will do well to heed the ethical and practical issue that Bishop Kinsolving has raised, and govern themselves thereby. With it all, there is one aspect of this immediate situation that does not seem to have received much attention. The prohibitions of the Mexican constitution apply only to foreigners. We do not know the condition of the Episcopal churches in Mexico. But if they have available material for leadership drawn from the ranks of Mexicans, no barrier stands in the way of such men. Other denominations, likewise, should bear this in mind.

Captain Hibben Is Tried For Thinking for Himself

THAT ASTONISHINGLY FRANK and precise story of the strangling effects of the war system upon the conscience of those who even in times of peace wear its uniform—the story told in our editorial of October 9 under the title "The Chaplain's Choice"—has brought to us many letters from ministers in similar situations who have met with like reactions from army and navy authorities. A number of chaplains under the stress of the inner moral disruption involved in army service have relinquished their commissions in order that they may exercise the freedom of conviction and utterance that is absolutely essential in a minister of Christ. From a non-clerical angle a shaft of light is being thrown upon the question of the control of opinion in the case of an army officer by the trial of Captain Paxton Hibben, known throughout the country as executive head of a highly respectable and efficient society for feeding Russian children during the famine, and connected also with other philanthropies. The inquiry into Captain Hibben's fitness to hold an army commis-

sion was adjourned in September to a date in November when it will be resumed. The charges against him do not concern his record in the field, nor his conduct since the war, but solely his opinions and his freedom to express them. Various addresses of his favoring the resumption of normal relations with Russia and such articles as that which he wrote for *The Christian Century* in 1922 were cited by his accusers as examples of the "mental characteristics that might well serve to disqualify him for exercising command over other men." Considerable stress was laid on the fact that he had ventured to conduct a relief work for Russian children not controlled by Mr. Hoover and had publicly expressed his difference of opinion from Mr. Hoover on the value of such relief work in Russia as that carried on by the Quakers and by Dr. Nansen. Captain Hibben certified that in time of peace he conceived it to be "the duty of a citizen to see his country as it is, without illusion, and to help to meet and solve its problems."

Mental Characteristics of An Army Officer

MANIFESTLY THE WAR DEPARTMENT has quite another conception. The brief of General W. B. Parsons, president of the board hearing the Hibben case, formulates the issue thus: "Does, or does not, the holding of a commission entail a responsibility in regard to conduct, speech, character and general bearing different from that which is considered compatible for an individual in private life? . . . Mental characteristics that would not in any way affect him as an individual or associate might well serve to disqualify him for exercising command over other men . . . The very friendships that a man makes, entirely harmless in themselves, might be such as to cause doubt in the minds of men under him and of superior officers as to whether an officer with similar connections could be relied on to act with requisite firmness in suppressing a rising against the public peace or proceeding against a particular enemy." The anomaly of the "inquiry" was that the board refused absolutely to specify any charges against Captain Hibben. The board refused his request for the production of certain documents in the files of the war department containing facts favorable to Hibben and which had been made available to newspapers and individuals to attack Captain Hibben's relief work in Russia. It was held that to divulge the contents of these documents to Hibben "would prove prejudicial to the government." The newspapers tell us very little of all this, of course, as it would tend to bring deep disquiet into public feeling to know upon what Machiavelian policies of repression and shiftiness and no doubt, untruth, the glorious and holy business of keeping up army morale is based. We think Captain Hibben cannot possibly make a convincing defense. No man who values freedom of opinion and speech has any business in an army officer's uniform, just as no Christian minister whose first allegiance is to Jesus Christ has any business in an army officer's uniform. An army, whether in time of peace or in time of war, is just the

sort of thing that can exist only by the partial unmaning of the manhood of those who participate in it.

Why Gandhi Fasted

PERHAPS NO TALE recently come from the orient has proved more incomprehensible to the mass of westerners than the report of the three weeks' fast of Mahatma Gandhi, undertaken in an effort to reconcile the differences between warring Mohammedans and Hindus in India. The occidental mind may be a long time in reaching the point where, given such a problem, it would adopt such a method for dealing with it. But at least all Christians of the west should ponder deeply the mahatma's own statement as to why the fast was undertaken. In an interview given to the Associated Press at two o'clock the morning the fast began, Gandhi said: "Recent events have proved unbearable for me. My hopelessness is still more unbearable. My religion teaches me that whenever one is very distressed—distress which one cannot remove—one must fast and pray. I have done so in connection with my own dearest ones. Nothing evidently that I can say or write can bring the two communions together. I am, therefore, imposing on myself a fast of twenty-one days, commencing from today and ending on Wednesday, the eighth of October. I reserve the liberty to drink water with or without salt. It is both a penance and a prayer. As a penance I need not have taken the public into my confidence, but publish the fact as—let me hope—an effective prayer both to the Hindus and the Mussalmans, who have hitherto worked in unison, not to commit suicide. I respectfully invite the heads of all the communities, including Englishmen, to meet and end this quarrel which is a disgrace to religion and humanity. It seems as if God has been dethroned. Let us reinstate him in our hearts."

How the Fast Was Received in India

WHAT WOULD BE the western response to such a proposal for the healing of interracial or inter-religious disorders? We have already reported in our news columns the manner in which Indians of all parties came together to work out a basis of peace, and of the plans to make that peace, by continual arbitration, lasting. Now, with the arrival of mails from India, it is possible to give a more intimate picture of the way in which India reacted to the mahatma's act. Thus we find the Indian Social Reformer, of Bombay, saying editorially in the evident expectation of Gandhi's death: "As an act of supreme sacrifice for the salvation of the country, there is no parallel to mahatmaj's act in the annals of history. The brutal combats of gladiators in ancient Rome, in which several hundreds of victims were annually slaughtered in the great cities of the empire, were finally abolished owing to the generous boldness of Telamachus, an Asiatic monk. He descended into the arena to separate the gladiators, but was overwhelmed under a shower of stones by the infuriated Romans who were provoked by the interruption of their pleasure. 'But,' says the historian, 'the madness of the people soon subsided and they submitted without a murmur

to the laws of Honorius which abolished forever the human sacrifices at the amphitheatre.' Mahatmaji's self-imposed suffering is sure to lead even the less thinking men among the Hindus and Mohammedans to realize the stupid folly of their prejudices and conflicts. The law of self-sacrifice is unerring in its operation, and we have absolutely no doubt that this act of awe-inspiring love on the part of the mahatmaji will not be in vain. At the same time, everyone must ask himself what he has done and what he means to do to deserve this tremendous act of love on the part of mahatmaji. If each one of us seriously makes up his mind to do his best to prove himself worthy of it, the purpose of mahatmaji will be attained and the fast will automatically come to an end. This is the only way in which the people of India can affect the course of conduct which mahatmaji has determined upon, and from which he will not be deterred by anything less than the complete assurance of the fulfilment of his object."

How Governor Sweet Settles Labor Troubles

COLORADO has for some years been governed in the interest of certain big business interests under the usual plea that if big productive enterprise is encouraged and made profitable all other men will prosper. There is of course a certain amount of truth in this theory in our modern large enterprise type of business. The vicious thing in it is that under such a theory exploitation has been given the right of way. Getting protection and help to do business in a big way, certain big business interests have used their privilege to exploit the public and to deal in an arbitrary manner with labor. As a big business man Governor Sweet knew all this from the inside and in such detail that he became a much more efficient executive in dealing with it than would an idealist of less practical business experience. He saw the state constabulary, organized to patrol the wilder and more sparsely settled regions of the state, utilized to help this type of employer fight labor. He demanded the abolition of this constabulary, and when the legislature failed to grant it he vetoed all appropriations for support and it was disbanded. Certain coal operators sent in a frantic appeal for the militia. He asked a few questions about the source of the trouble, advised them to meet the very reasonable demands of their men and refused to send any guards until they had done so. Then none needed to be sent. Recently, in the midst of his campaign for re-election, a labor trouble arose in a certain coal mining area. The mine owner leased his mines on a royalty basis. The operator was in arrears on the pay of his men but continued to pay the royalty. The men threatened to stop the shipment of coal, even by the use of violence, if arrangements were not made to pay the \$20,000 due them in wages. The sheriff asked for help and the governor gave it, not by sending the state guard to incite fury, but by calling in the coal owner, the operators and the labor leaders. He laid it down as basic that wages must be paid before royalties are paid, that the coal owner could not wash his hands of the matter, and that labor must obey the law even though the provocation was great. He then promised vigorous action to see that the men were paid their wages—and the matter was quickly settled. The old

formula was order first and justice if the men can get it. The governor's formula is justice first and order will follow. It has won him the support of fair minded business men as well as of labor.

The Disciples—Through Methodist Eyes

I HAVE A FEELING THAT, as a Methodist, I would not like to have an outsider form his judgment of our denomination by visiting our general conference. Some fine things are done at the general conference, but the gathering as a whole is not, I incline to believe, the most favorable place in which to gauge either the spirit or the ministry of present-day Methodism. There are ways in which the general conference is better than the church it is supposed to represent; there are ways in which it is worse. Just so, my friends among the Disciples of Christ are likely to feel that any judgment of their body formed on the basis of a visit to their international convention is necessarily distorted. Let that be granted. But let it likewise be hoped that the attempt of a friendly outsider to register his impressions of so important a gathering may not be entirely without value.

For a long time I have been puzzled by the Disciples. Most of my contacts with the denomination—"brotherhood" is, I believe, the technically correct term—have been puzzling. Reared in a parsonage and educated in a denominational college, I never heard of the Disciples until after I had graduated from college. Then I stumbled in surprise upon their numerical strength in one of Dr. H. K. Carroll's lists of denominational statistics. That drove me to the encyclopedias and other source books, where I found the official version of the founding and growth of the body, the central thought seeming to be a desire to achieve Christian unity by an escape from the divisive encrustations of the years. Later, I came to the middle west, where I held pastorates in Indiana and Iowa. In neither state were the Disciples a theory in a book. Rather, I found them actualities in the community that brought my fellow Protestant pastors to the verge of unministerial language. To put it mildly, they were hardly reckoned as promoters of Christian unity. Still later, I lived for two years in the Chinese city of Nanking, where I found a mission conducted in the name of the Disciples that was able at once to include university teachers with the most venturesome minds and evangelistic workers with the most traditional views. It was a mission of unusual vigor, but I watched it almost wrecked and men brought near to stultification of conscience because those missionaries had not been denying the unity of China's little band of believers in the face of that country's vastness. And, finally, I find myself in the employ of a corporation known as the Disciples Publication Society, and coming to know the sort of Disciples who acknowledge friendship with men like Charles Clayton Morrison, Winfred E. Garrison and Alva W. Taylor. Is it strange that I have been puzzled?

I have come away from Cleveland more puzzled than ever. It is evident that the Disciples are producing prophets, or at least near-prophets, from their ranks. I heard at

Cleveland the most encouraging speech on foreign missions I have heard from a non-missionary American, and I was told that the speaker was an Ohio brick manufacturer, and a Disciple. (Of that more later.) I think at the moment of Kirby Page, of S. G. Inman, and of Peter Ainslie, with the prophetic service that each is rendering in his chosen field. But I did not sense much of the spirit of prophecy, as such, in the Cleveland convention. What prophesying I heard there was imported, save in the case of my brick manufacturer, and he was carefully introduced as a layman without organizational responsibilities. I do not know what this means. Does it mean another group in which some men may essay the prophetic despite their group? Or is it a sign that the Disciples are at an inner parting, with certain free souls going ahead showing little concern for denominational regularity or recognition, while the others give themselves to such jobs of organizational lucubration as shall insure that the denominational gears mesh in oil?

Then, too, I was puzzled by the convention itself. What is its purpose? Surely not to act as a convention. President Cory pronounced the constitution under which the body proceeds as the most unheard-of form of control in parliamentary history. I think he was putting it conservatively. To have but three possible actions on any recommendation from the recommendations committee—approval, disapproval or recommittal without amendment or recommendation—is surely to reduce the main body to the status of a rubber stamp. As I see it, the real convention is the committee on recommendations; the crowd I was in is just an audience. Perhaps, in the absence of a delegated body, it is best so. Where membership depends largely upon considerations of carfare it is not hard to see why the makers of this constitution produced a system of this kind. But, as long as I was watching, it seemed to make impossible any of the straight facing of issues I have seen in other denominational gatherings.

A big word among the Disciples is democracy. To it Dr. E. L. Powell made his appeal in his convention sermon, and its use carried many a speaker over a bad stretch of verbal territory. Yet I could not help feeling that, while there remains a sort of a basic yearning after democracy, while there is still some magic in the talisman, the denomination is not experiencing much of it in its convention. Here I may be miles off, in which case my mistake will do no damage. But when you combine the virtual dictatorship of the recommendations committee—at Cleveland I saw seven resolutions voted down without any save the committee knowing what they proposed—with the almost complete control of the platform by the board machinery, you haven't got democracy, although you may be having a peaceful and pleasant program.

Some may profess amusement at the sound of a Methodist voice bemoaning a lack of democracy among Disciples, or in any other denomination, for that matter. But it looks to me as though the Disciples, to obtain a fiction of democracy, surrender to the control of a small inner committee on the one hand or the vagaries of mobocracy on the other, while the Methodists, for all their seeming indifference to the word itself, obtain a good semblance of responsible control directly derived from the life of the denomination. Every preacher in full connection among the Methodists has his

vote in deciding who shall and who shall not represent him on the general conference floor. Every local church quarterly conference has its representatives in the lay electoral bodies that choose the lay delegates. No man speaks who has not a clear line of suffrage behind him running back to that mythical figure the church executives are always talking about, "the last man in the last church." That fact makes for a sense of responsibility and power. But no Disciple, it seems to me, can have such a feeling about his international convention. Why should he ever respect any majority judgment as binding? If he is beaten this year his obvious move is to see to it that next year the convention meets in different territory, for the place of meeting must come close to determining the temper of the body. And that is not democracy, but the most adventitious rule of the mob.

Every denomination seems to have cycles of board control. The Methodists are just passing out from such a period, and they are going to break a good deal of denominational crockery in the process. I could not tell at Cleveland whether the Disciples are just entering such a period, or are fully in it. But either one thing or the other seemed to be true. It is the way most churches, particularly non-connectional churches, take to secure efficiency in the pursuit of general denominational aims. To a large extent, it carries its own antidote.

The Methodists are a case in point. They have been passing through a period of almost complete board control, but their last general conference showed the swing of the pendulum to the opposite extreme of the arc. Compare now the way in which Disciples and Methodists discuss their denominational activities. At Cleveland I was told that one of the achievements of this year's convention was the relegating of the board machinery to the rear so that the emphasis was upon the issues with which the church must deal. Yet I noticed that when the hour to discuss any major benevolent interest came the board secretary concerned was in control of the program and led in presenting the speakers and seeing that the subject got before the convention in the manner considered most desirable. Among the Methodists, there is a special committee for each of these interests. It is composed of delegates representing the various annual conferences, but with no relation whatever to the benevolent board involved. All questions pertaining to the past or future of this section of the denomination's work come before this committee. Board secretaries are heard on the invitation of the committee, unless they chance to be in its membership. The committee reports to the general conference, and a board secretary would be foolish indeed who undertook to lead in the statement of the case for his organization. In fact, unless he has been elected as a delegate to the general conference—a condition which frequently does not obtain—he has no voice there. On all such matters as concern the benevolent interests of the denomination the Methodist board official must bring such influence as he wishes to bear indirectly. For the sake of his own cause he shuns the public platform. In Cleveland it was not so. And if there is a true desire for democracy among the Disciples, as I believe there is, I would look for the rapid emergence of a demand for the sort of a convention that will make possible an untrammelled consideration of these questions of denominational activity.

Most of the men with whom I talked at Cleveland admitted that the program, except for the part brought in by non-Disciples, was not gripping. They were all enjoying themselves; they emphasized again and again that at least there were no big fights on; but they would say, "If you want to get the real stuff here, you must go to the meetings of the Campbell Institute, or the morning meetings that the social service board is holding." But as the Campbell Institute—a sort of an inner circle on the order of one of Dulcinea's little groups of serious thinkers—was holding midnight sessions in a hotel room that I never did discover, and the morning meetings of the social service board came before I was out of bed, I had to content myself with the regular performance in the main tent.

The Disciples lose more than they understand by this sort of a non-representative, rubber stamp convention. Several times there was expression at Cleveland of pleased surprise over the amount of publicity that the convention was receiving. Yet the first thing that struck me when I came into the convention hall was the absence of reporters. Compared with other denominational gatherings I have attended this year, the Disciples seemed ignored. And this should not have been so, for there were issues just as important up—the war issue, for example—as were up in these other meetings. When the Presbyterians met there were newspapers represented from New York to Seattle, and thousands of words wired out every night by special correspondents, although there was precious little to wire about most of the time. If the Disciples are to obtain from their international conventions the publicity they deserve, they will have to give them news value. And it takes more than set speeches and non-amendable recommendations to do that in these days.

All this is, of course, debatable, because I may not have the right idea as to what the Disciples are trying to accomplish in these annual gatherings. As I say, I am puzzled. So let me add one or two things about matters that struck me, an outsider, and would probably never occur to one within the communion. In the first place, I found it hard to listen at times because of the use of an esoteric vocabulary. The experience, I imagine, would be much the same if I were listening at a Masonic convention. The church must not be called a denomination, but a brotherhood. Better still, call it a restoration movement. And this restoration movement is distinguished by its plea. Now, that is all perfectly intelligible to a Disciple, I suppose, but it keeps the outsider guessing. Restoration of what? Plea for what? There was a sermon by Dr. Powell, of Louisville, evidently a war-horse of renown, that was supposed to answer my questions. But when Dr. Powell finished preaching about the "plea" I was at much at sea as ever. At one point in his sermon I thought the "plea" was for the right of individual interpretation, and I was on the point of breaking the chairman's rule against applause, when, lo, there came a fierce denunciation of those who would imperil unity by advocating opening the doors of the church to the unimmersed! So I went away from Cleveland puzzled, among other things, about that "plea."

Again, as an unregenerate outsider I went away puzzled by the relation of the Disciples to this Christian unity business there is so much talk about among them. I'm not sure

whether it is a guilty conscience or a repressed desire or an inferiority complex or what it is, but something, it seems to me, makes the Disciples uneasy about this unity matter, so that they keep stirring it up when most of them would like to let it alone. Talking Christian unity on the basis of closed membership or closed anything else is nonsense. That might as well be said baldly. There are a good many Disciples who see it and say it and act on it. But only a minority. The majority is still worrying itself with the impossible task of trying to prove to me that, while they cast no doubt upon my present character or my ultimate destination, they don't think I'm fit for church membership, but they invite me to join with them—how? It's the "how" that queers the whole thing. It would be better for all concerned if no such tortuous verbal legerdemain were attempted.

The high point at a Disciples convention is the communion service, and it is a high point. Never have I seen such a service conducted with more solemnity or under more perfect control. The thing must have been planned by an expert in pageantry. To watch, from my seat in the farthest gallery, those ten thousand persons partake of the elements at the hands of the deacons who appeared and disappeared, marched and countermarched, in perfect time and without an apparent signal, was like looking at the ritual of some new and monster fraternity. And when I asked one or two whether I would be welcomed in such a service they reassured me with entire cordiality and I joined in the service. Yet why I should be held up at the outer door of church membership and then be welcomed to this inner, most mystic and most sacred fellowship, is more than I can understand. It is one more aspect of the Disciples that puzzles me.

I fear I never could reconcile myself to the closed membership idea, no matter how it might be presented. I sat one afternoon and listened to a man from Batang, away out there on the borders of West China, speak. I knew him for a good man, and I knew that mission, for a good mission—the one under the providence of God that may take the gospel from China proper into Tibet. But I knew something about the pledges under which the missionary board of this communion now works, and I caught myself thinking to myself, "What right has this good man, or any good man, taking into Tibet—poor, ceremony-bound Tibet, where salvation depends on the way in which the prayer-wheel turns—a gospel that insists on a certain form of baptism as a passport to anything?" I looked at the banner that hung beside the speaker, its characters signifying "China for Christ." I thought of the hope that is springing up over there among those Chinese Christians of one great Protestant communion. And then I thought of that pledge of the missionary society, and of its effect upon that hope of unity. I thought of Canada, where the Disciple name is so conspicuously absent from the new United church. How can men think the closed idea and the unity idea go together? I'm puzzled.

I fear this sounds carping and hypercritical. I must not leave it so. There were several things about the Cleveland gathering that deserved all praise. The social note sounded in the resolutions on child labor, on narcotics, on the traffic in weapons, and most of all on war was clear and timely.

As denominations go, the Disciples are evidently to be counted in the front ranks on questions of social import. Then there was that missionary speech by Mr. R. A. Doan, the brickmaker. My mind keeps coming back to that, for I doubt whether my own church contains a single layman—unless it be John R. Mott, and he hardly ranks as a layman—who could make the same speech. Mr. Doan was talking about winning the world for Christ. He made four main points. He said, first of all, that the present non-Christian lands (using that term in the popular sense) will never be won by an invasion of missionaries. He said, in the second place, that it is not our business to ask these peoples to join our church, but to join our Christ. He said, in the third place, that the missionary problem cannot be solved apart from the social and industrial and racial problems of today. And he said, in the fourth place, that the greatest hindrance lies, not in foreign lands, but within ourselves, and that our denominational divisions—he was using the phrase in the sense that I would use it, and not in the esoteric sense that might be employed by some Disciples—that our divisions are one sign of our unfitness for the bringing in of the kingdom. Any convention that could produce that speech, whether it contained another word of wisdom or not, justified itself.

Of course, all his hearers did not agree with Mr. Doan. That was one fact that gave the speech added value. At the point where he was talking about calling men to join Christ rather than any particular church, this layman said, "I plead with all the strength at my command that we identify ourselves with all those who believe in Christ." Applause greeted the plea. But the brother who occupied the balcony seat just in front of me threw his head up with a snort of contempt.

And finally, even the outlandish constitution under which the convention proceeds has its advantages. At Cleveland it worked to save the Disciples from a heresy trial, and to protect a prophetic soul such as Dr. Peter Ainslie from the vengeance of a small but unbending minority. Dr. Ainslie had come out for open membership, and the minority was all for casting him and his church and any other church that thus went astray into the outer darkness. But it could not hurdle the parliamentary difficulties of those rules of order. Moreover, the notion of making membership in the convention depend upon the possession of sufficient carfare or gasoline has this to favor it—it insures a hearing for every element in the church. I have been in a body with a delegated general conference long enough to know how hard it is to plan and promote and push to the point where even a few venturesome souls can be secured a voice on the floor. But among the Disciples, all that you need is your transportation. The system has its advantages.

Evidently, I found myself at Cleveland in a body of violent extremes. But, after all, that may only be a proof that the body is accomplishing the purpose for which it was formed. At least, that was the suggestion of one part of Dr. Powell's interpretation. And if you are really trying to restore conditions as they were in that first band of disciples, you surely have to provide for violent extremes. Yet I cannot help believing that the future service of the denomination lies largely in the hands of those who are not so much concerned with restoring something as with build-

ing something; not so much with looking back as looking forward; not so much with history as with prophecy. And such men the Disciples are fortunate in possessing.

PAUL HUTCHINSON.

The "War" in the Orient

PRESS REPORTS from China are too brief and too well censored to make it possible to obtain a clear idea of the present state of fighting in that country. Despatches carrying a Mukden date line may be dismissed as almost valueless; those from Peking and Tientsin have no more claim to belief. Fighting in the Yangtze valley seems to be about at an end. There is still a slight danger of disorder at Shanghai, owing to the presence of troops who have retained their weapons while they have lost their commanders. In the north, the tuchun of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, may be winning the overwhelming victories that are reported, but his opponent, Wu Pei-fu, is apparently still in possession of the large town of Shanhaikwan, located at the spot where the great wall runs into the sea, and is hanging on at other points with a tenacity that betokens a strength still largely intact. It is cold weather in that part of China by now, and, unless a clear decision is reached soon, the exigencies of nature may force a cessation of the fighting.

It still looks as though the campaign would end in a draw. Probably it is as well that it should, for it is hard to determine how China will benefit if either side wins. The apparent aimlessness of the whole campaign is but another evidence of the purely personal issues now at stake in Chinese politics. The struggle that goes on intermittently every summer in that land is now nothing more than a struggle between those who have control of taxation and other sources of income in certain sections, and those who desire such control. Certain chieftains combine and intrigue in the attempt to enlarge the area of their personal authority; certain other chieftains combine to pull the aspiring ones down. The great ends in view are not the welfare of the state, but the power of the individual, the increase of his fortune, and the promise of a home in luxury in the security of the extraterritorial foreign quarters in Tientsin or even in Japan. And this sort of thing is likely to continue until the Chinese themselves get tired of it.

Yet even in the midst of all this aimless campaigning, with its demonstration of the distance that lies between China and a settled order, the political situation in the far east as a whole is developing with astonishing rapidity. At the close of the Washington conference it was said by many students of the Pacific basin, who refused to be stampeded in their judgments by the attempt to make capital for the administration, that the most that had been accomplished was the securing of a breathing-space of ten years. Time confirms that judgment. It is of importance that we understand what is happening in the ten years of our grace.

Confining our attention to matters of first importance, we see the alienation of Japanese sympathy from the United States. Our news columns carried the report recently of the statement made to the house of bishops of the Episcopal church by Dr. Rudolph B. Tuesler, head physician of St. Luke's hospital, Tokyo. Dr. Tuesler is not an alarm-

ist, neither is he a Japophobe. He is a veteran missionary who has been repeatedly and signally honored by the Japanese. The Japanese are now giving generously to the cause for which he was pleading before the Episcopal bishops—the rebuilding of his hospital. But Dr. Tuesler felt it necessary frankly to testify that the face of Japan had been turned away from America. Japan today faces toward Russia.

This shift in Japanese sentiment is one of the most melancholy facts confronting us. It has been provoked so deliberately; it might have been avoided so easily. To quote the French phrase once more, the action of the American congress in excluding the oriental peoples from the operations of a quota law was not only wrong, but a mistake. Add to the American attitude, with its constant irritation of the racial issue, the Canadian attitude and the Australian attitude and the attitude of New Zealand, and add to that, as the final touch, the attitude of certain whites to be found in the port cities of the east, and it is clear why we have lost the confidence and the sympathy of Japan, self-conscious leader of the east.

The second fact of importance is the change in Japanese policy in China, with its promise of an eventual rapprochement between the two. It was Japanese diplomatic stupidity that ever permitted a rift to appear between the two peoples. Every interest of the two would indicate that their highest destiny depends upon the discovery of a policy of mutual regard and cooperation. This policy the Japanese have, since the Washington conference, set out to find. Their diplomatic tone and method in China is far different from what it was five years ago. The westerner who thinks of far eastern politics in terms of the Japanese course on the mainland during the war, with its subsequent bitterness, is blind to what is now taking place. Japan now seeks to cultivate the friendship she then seemed to despise, and, by her course, she is hastening the solidification of the Asiatic peoples.

A third fact of paramount importance is the rise of the political power of soviet Russia in the far east. There is something almost sardonically humorous in the recollection that, five years ago, we were solemnly debating the problems of the Pacific without even having Russia in the council. For this same Russia is already on the point of displacing Japan as the political leader of the Asiatic Pacific, and stands every chance of increasing her power through fifty years to come. The squawkings and flutterings that have disturbed the diplomatic dovescotes at Peking as the ambassador from Moscow has taken his position of leadership there is but a reflection of the dismay that all western diplomats feel as they see the political influence of Russia overwhelming that of the other nations.

This return of Russia to power will some day make the basis for an outstanding text-book in the methods of the new diplomacy. Russia made a bid for first place in the orient twenty years ago—a bid that came to ruin along the banks of the Yalu and in the straits of Shimonosaki. But the bid that has been made by Russia's present masters has been of an entirely different kind. It began with the offer of voluntary revision of treaties with strategic border states and with China. Russia proclaimed her readiness to take the first step in righting the diplomatic wrongs in-

flicted by the force-program of the tsars. Then came the sending of personal representatives, men of high intellectual standing who found a welcome in student circles when they were denied a formal recognition at a foreign office. This sort of an approach has put behind Russia, as these final days of maneuvering have arrived, the solid support of the intellectual classes, and gives promise of not only political but cultural and social leadership in the future.

Take these three developments since the Washington conference—the increasing alienation of sympathy from America and the white British commonwealths, the increasing understanding between Japan and China, the increasing prestige and power of soviet Russia—and you have a situation of far-reaching importance. Three of the ten years' breathing space that the conference promised are gone, and the far eastern scene now shows a lowered prestige and an increased isolation for the nations that called the conference and thought they stood to gain most from it. Dr. Tuesler is right: the face of the east is no longer turned toward us; it is turned away from us. And we face the necessity of conducting a diplomacy, a commerce, and a religious and social crusade under this changed condition. It is not a pleasant outlook.

VERSE

To Love and to Cherish

WHEN first I looked on love its frail stem drooped,
Pallid beneath the sun's relentless gaze;
The bare roots clasped the stones in discontent.
Touched by its plight, I left my path and stooped
To shade its sweetness from the scorching rays.
Ambition frowned and beckoned but I bent,
Aching and wistful, till the light was spent,
Long days I shielded it from sun and gale.
I brought cool water; gathered soft, brown soil
At forests' edge the piteous roots to screen;
With bleeding fingers tore away the shale,
My heart tumultuous with triumphant toil.
And while the straightened stalk was turning green,
The steadfast stars smiled kindly down, unseen.
Today, my stalwart love towers high. Through years
I've worked and watered, till its magic blaze
Of blossoms breathes about me sweet content.
And when some traveler cries through happy tears,
"What chance brings beauty to these barren ways!"
I smile, remembering. Could I consent
To call those fragrant boughs mere accident?

MARY BARROWS IRWIN.

Escape

I DO NOT fear the night
That haunts the sombre tomb,
For God will give a light
To guide me through the gloom;
Grim Death I shall not heed
Though stern and strong his will,
For I shall break his hold and speed
Beyond the farthest hill.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Our Sex-Obsessed Literature

By Lynn H. Harris

THE WAVE OF SEX STUFF in our fiction seems to be rising rather than abating. A hero or heroine who respects the commandments is increasingly rarer, and if one such does appear the critical pack need only bay in unison "Victorian!" That damning adjective is of course enough to give any author his quietus. We're becoming sophisticated! And yet, with all our sophistication, may we not possibly be also a bit naive? I'm scarcely a specialist in sex yarns, but the few recent ones I have seen all have the breathless air of making a great discovery. Can it be that sex is so new? Must all fiction be dated B.F. and A.F.—before and after Freud? I hesitate to suggest that their education has been defective, but if these intellectuals would dip into Juvenal, say, or into Canticles, if they own a book so old-fashioned as the Bible, they might see that even on this newest theme of sex not much is left to be said.

THE EVANGEL OF A NEW FREEDOM

But if the theme of sex is not new, it has of late been given some fresh trimmings to make it a la mode. Not so long ago, in the days of Robert W. Chambers and Elinor Glynn, the sex story was openly aphrodisiac, frankly provocative, as frank as a burlesque show and directed at essentially the same type of mind. But today the sex story is above such trifling. Now it has a mission. It is the vehicle of a philosophy. It is the evangel of the new freedom. Dowered with such high functions, it is naturally privileged to be more provocative than ever, and in the sacred name of art to rummage even deeper in the lees of the sewer. That there is often sound craftsmanship is beyond cavil; but though served on a silver platter, garbage is still garbage. There are many yet unconvinced that the measure of art is its stench.

It is possible that some of these writers are honest, but that the light that is in them is darkness. The problem here is a tangled one. We all know that one of the chief uses to which we put our "reason" is that of inventing justifications for our actions or our opinions. This is one of those places where a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The ordinary chap who does a meanness usually hears from his conscience and keeps on hearing from it until he at least makes a gesture toward amendment. If he has a philosophy, however, instead of a conscience, he proceeds with a logical flourish to show, first, that his action was not wrong at all; and, second, that on the contrary his is the true morality. Having attained to this serene illumination, he proceeds with more or less pity to enlighten those who are still blinded by the grosser judgment of the herd. In a case like this it is indeed hard to tell where sincerity leaves off and bias begins.

All this applies equally to opinions. Here perhaps we need to be reminded that every work of fiction is a record of the writer's opinions. Of course, an author need not do anything so crude as to identify himself with his characters or make any one of them his mouthpiece. But every novel is built more or less consciously on a "theory of life,"

this being what gives it its upshot and even its form. All fiction, in other words, is subjective, and any appearance of objectivity is illusory. To chronicle *all* the facts of a man's life would require a set of volumes as compendious as an encyclopædia—and about as interesting. From the mass of material the novelist selects only what he thinks pertinent; and he judges pertinency by the "theory of life" he holds. If he thinks, for instance, that folk can be divided neatly into saints and rascals, we may be sure that he will never present a hero with a lapse from nobility or a villain with any redeeming merit.

The philosophy of the recent sort of sex story may, as was said, be sincere, although from what we hear about the private lives of certain of its practitioners there is at least some ground for conjecture. At any rate, most of these stories either deny any sin in sexual irregularity or go further and exalt it. The authors have a bowing acquaintance with Nietzsche and Freud, although it would certainly be unfair to charge these latter with all the aberrations of their disciples. The catch-words of one type are evolution and nature. Man is the product of evolution through nature. Surely, then, man's conduct can not justly be condemned merely for being natural. We are all animals: why not follow our animal impulses? Back to nature—that's the stuff! The leading American exponent of this so-called naturalism is Theodore Dreiser. All of his chief characters gain their unsavory eminence through attending the promptings of the brute. And this, we are told, is wholly blameless, for they are but hearkening to nature, yielding to the cosmic urge. Indeed, are not such as they the supermen (and women)—"beyond good and evil"—to produce whom the whole labor of evolution has been spent? Dreiser's Gamaliel would appear to be Sudermann, at whose feet, however, he has but hastily sat. In Magda, Sudermann reargues the old contention that sin may lead to a spiritual expansion. This expansion, it should be noted, he conditions not on the sin but on its conquest: it is better to have fallen and risen than never to have fallen at all. Dreiser finds a virtue in recurrent vice. The more his characters fall, the more they expand.

MORAL VALUES REVERSED

Evidently in this matter of sex our moral values have been reversed. Continence has no comeliness that we should desire it but is merely a cowardly obedience to a silly tribal tabu. Fortified by this knowledge we are prepared for stories of a second type. The catch-words here are self-expression and freedom. Evolution and nature are also lurking in the woodpile. Assertion is the law of nature, which knows nothing of repressions, asceticisms, or altruisms. Each species hold its place, as it won its place, by being itself, expressing itself, that is, to the full. Repression, as contrary to nature, is thus a priori wrong. Its error is manifest also in its results. A suppressed desire skulks in the subconscious, to wreak mental and spiritual havoc. Personality loses its unity and vigor. We become

mean and furtive, the prey of obscene imaginings. Surely morality must mean wholesomeness, freedom, and sanity, not division, bondage, and madness. Emerge, then, into the larger morality of freedom by casting off the fetters of convention. Obey that impulse! The leading American exponent of this pseudo-Freudianism is Sherwood Anderson. His stories are in the main negative, dealing not so much with the glories of freedom as with the horrors of bondage, by showing souls thwarted and shriveled by insensate inhibitions. We are led to infer that all would have been well with them if they had only cut loose.

How about all this? I remember back in the days of my youth (B.F.), when I was reading *Macbeth* and *Romola*, that I was led to look on these as studies in moral decay. Is the truth the other way round, that *Macbeth* and *Tito Melema* were actually being glorified by their virile assertiveness, only the poor authors were too dismally dull to see it? I am not wholly persuaded to this opinion. First of all, I take some issue with the naturalistic conception of evolution. Evolution is merely an unfolding, a drawing out. It ought to be obvious that nothing can be drawn out that was not already in. If, then, man is a product of evolution, it follows that his repressions have to be accounted for in the same way as his impulses. In line with this, the biologists I have read appear to agree that the lower animals exhibit some inhibitions and even observe rudimentary tabus. Repressions are thus at least as respectable as impulses. It is also, I believe, sound biological doctrine that no faculties continue active unless they serve some biological purpose, that is, contribute in some way to success in the struggle for existence. The fact that man's inhibitions have not only continued but developed is thus a proof of their usefulness in his survival. Indeed, it might reasonably be argued that these inhibitions have been the chief element in his survival. Man, who is among the weakest of the mammals, owes his headship of the animal realm to his social institutions—the family, the tribe, the state. These institutions, however, depend for their existence on man's ability to extend his repressions, and each successive expansion of their powers demands a corresponding expansion of repressions. All that we call civilization has therefore been possible only because man far more than other animals possesses the defensive mechanism of inhibitions. To ask that man renounce his inhibitions and pursue solely his impulses is to ask that he kick over the ladder by which he has climbed. If this is what is meant by evolution, God save the mark!

IMPULSE AND FREEDOM

Is there not also at least some question as to whether expressing an impulse gives freedom? It is a commonplace of experience as well as psychology that indulgence of an impulse makes future indulgence easier. If the impulse lies in the field of appetite, its indulgence may thus lead to a corroding thralldom. Passion, like fire, is a good servant but a cruel master. It is here that Freud has something to say about sublimation of desires—which is perhaps only a psychologist's way of telling us to cast out evil with good; for the achievement of moral freedom, it is hard to transcend the advice of *Philippians 4:8*. Of course, it is true that there can be no freedom so long as

the personality is constantly rasped by contrary motives. However much we may admire the conduct of the man who does the good but all the while longs for the evil, we surely cannot envy his inner state. It is only as he does good because he desires it that he attains to the wholeness which is holiness. But if I interpret aright the central aim of the Christian faith, it is precisely this harmony between desire, will, and act. Is not this what is meant by being made new creatures in Christ Jesus? So long as man remains on the level of the material he will be in bondage, subject to the war in his members; only as he rises to the heights of the spiritual can he learn the truth that will make him free. But between this freedom and the new freedom a great gulf is fixed.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT

There is one use to which nature is not often put by the writers of modern sex stories. Science nowadays makes much of heredity and environment. There are even those who would explain all human behavior in terms of these two factors. Zola in France has written his novels from this mechanistic angle. Despite their superfluous nastiness, these tales have an undeniable force, derivable in part, no doubt, from their philosophy, for it is beyond question that our lives are more circumscribed than we sometimes think. Hardy in England also treats his characters as more or less puppets, in the hands of a capricious and even malignant destiny—for he is more of a fatalist than a determinist. Whatever we may think of his philosophy—and it is distinctly vulnerable, and often, when his sympathies get the upper hand, inconsistent—his stories have an austere power. As *Tess* and *Eustacia Vye* sweep on to the dark dooms that have been writ for them, there is in their tragedies something of that purging pity and terror that so move us in the *Antigone* and the *Medea*. Sex stuff? Yes—but with a difference. However, this sort of thing will never appeal to the moderns. For if we only do what we must, where is the glory of being a rebel? And if we are not free, what becomes of the new freedom?

I trust it is clear that I have no prejudice against the use of the sex-motive. As one of the major motives of life, sex must hold its place as one of the major motives of literature. Nor have I any quarrel with a sane realism. Indeed even a perverted realism is preferable to a perverted sentimentalism. *Pollyanna* and her tribe have probably worked more real moral harm than the most hectic tales of passion. I must protest, however, that a view of life which makes sex practically the sole or at least the ruling motive of life is neither realistic nor sane. No matter how bad men and women may be, they do not constantly itch with desire. The trouble with so many characters in late fiction is that they are obsessed with sex. As studies in the abnormal they might have some value, but they are presented to us as normal. But if I read my psychology correctly, those so obsessed are not only erotic but neurotic. Might not the same thing with justice be said of their authors?

After so much of destructive stricture, I should like to call attention to a study in sex which seems to me eminently realistic and eminently sane. It is *The Scarlet Letter*. Hester never feels a sense of personal degradation because of her transgression. She is proudly sure that the inner

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citadel of her purity has never been violated; she has but broken the bonds which unjustly bound her. When, after the lapse of years, she meets Arthur in the wood, she can still say with an unshaken assurance, "In what we did there was a kind of consecration." But while thus in a way a rebel, demanding the right to justify herself before the bar of her own tribunal, she at the same time recognizes the claim of the community on her, its right to set up laws for its own protection, and the justice of the punishment meted her for breaking those laws. This she shows by coming back years after to the scene of her youth and voluntarily resuming the stigma of reproach. Here, I think, is found as delicate an adjustment of the rights of the individual and the group as can well be made. In the "special

case" the individual may keep a clear conscience, but even in "special cases" the community has a stake more vital than that of the individual. Had Hester but seen this first, her tragedy would have been avoided. One ought also to note the restraint of this work. Partly at least because of the absence of the foul and vulgar, what might readily have been only a sordid tale of adultery is lifted into the realm of art. Here is something for the naturalists to ponder on. Whatever may be the attitude of art toward morals, it at least exacts good taste. And it surely can not be denied that much of modern fiction has suffered a sad relapse from literary good manners. Perhaps a dash of Victorianism might not be such a bad thing for our freedom-seeking age after all.

Carrying Water for the Elephant

By Edward A. Steiner

I HAVE ALWAYS FELT myself a severed part of the whole... God... humanity... cosmos... The birthband which held me to them "when I was curiously wrought in secret" was never cut, yet I suffered many dissections, for I was a Jew by race and religion, a Slovak by nationality, an Hungarian as a political subject, a German by virtue of the then dominant culture, and later a socialist. Therefore, more than trebly separated from all loyal citizens whatever their faith, race or speech.

Socialism was then the "enfant terrible" in the nationalistic households of the continent, and no distinction existed in the popular mind between socialist and anarchist. The name became a poison jar label, pasted upon men and women who professed that economic faith. There were many reasons for my accepting it, probably as an outlet for a thwarted idealism, or because the men and women who called themselves socialists treated each other as equals and knew no distinction of race, religion or nationality. At any rate, I felt that I belonged among them because it was the first group of people which accepted me as a man, treated me as such, and among whom I was not looked upon as a strange specimen, inferior or dangerous because I was different.

The institutions of learning through which I passed had no unifying powers. I could study Latin or logic in the same class with the so-called Aryan students (Aryans being then the mythical ancestors of the now rampant Nordics—the race which originated civilization) but outside the classroom I, as a Semite, had to go my own lonely way. Here and there a student broke through this social quarantine, perhaps out of pity, but there was no comradeship, and I was always frankly friendship hungry.

The university was worse than the *gymnasium*. The Germans had just discovered that they were the Chosen People. Bismark was their prophet, and every blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, sentimental boy wanted to be made

of "blood and iron." Therefore to be hard, curt, proud, to look down upon the lesser breeds were the attributes of the German gentleman. To these sword-rattling, heel-clicking, carousing young gentlemen, I did not exist.

I have no kindly memories of alma mater. She was not even a step-mother, she was just an intellectual boarding housekeeper who handed me my portion of hard and heavy bread, and took my fees; and neither of us was polite enough to say, "Thank You."

Nearly all of the professors whose lectures I attended looked to the ceiling for inspiration, not into our faces. They were interested in their particular specialties and not in human beings. My examiners were hangmen, ready to choke me with their skilfully made nooses, and if I did not perish during the ordeal, it was not their fault. Of course, there were official visits which I had to pay, and once, Professor Otto—"may his name lead all the rest"—invited me to afternoon coffee. Alas, when I was asked to sit down, I sank upon the sofa, the seat of the mighty, and the Frau Professorin put me down as a man without manners. I was never invited there again.

I might have associated with Jews, but the rich Jews, and there was a goodly number, were forgiven their Semitic noses, and admitted to society, for money is a universal mask. The poor Jews worked off their superiority complex on me, because I had come from beyond the borders of Germany, from the east; therefore I was their inferior. In spite of the reputed gregariousness of the Jews, they do not like one another too well, and are most often driven together and held together by a common danger.

Fortunately there was a high sphere from which no one could shut me out—the world of books. I read voraciously, not too wisely nor too well, but books never satisfied my gregariousness, so I was often, too often in the *Lange Gasse*, in a certain inn (whose name has escaped me) which the "reds" frequented.

There was a group of socialists with whom I had intimate relationship who, like myself were not workers, but outcasts, or nonconformists or both: Women who already, in those genteel days, smoked cigarettes and bobbed their hair; men, rebels from their mother's womb, foreigners mostly, like myself, and a few Germans who had reacted against their wealthy fathers' Mars and mammon worship, and who got a thrill out of socialism, which lasted until they should become middle-aged and potbellied. If we belonged anywhere we belonged to the left wing of the party, and when we met, we made the air blue from tobacco smoke as we turned the world upside down and inside out with phrases.

The one word which was most on our lips was "Revolution," though we did discuss Malthus, and Darwin, Kant, Hegel and Bachman. I was entranced by the word itself—Revolution! It sounds like thunder even in the emasculated English; but in Russian it sounds like thunder and lightning.

I heard it first spoken in that tongue by Sergei Tretjanoff, one of the group of Russian exiles who, for want of belonging anywhere else joined the socialists. Sergei was a nihilist, an unclassifiable species, more anarchist than socialist. He was the son of a wealthy manufacturer in Moscow, born in those stormy days when adolescent boys and girls caught the revolutionary idea as easily as they fell in love.

Sergei fell a victim to both, and both left their mark upon him. The revolution stayed with him. The woman, Tatyana, the only name by which we knew her, left him. She did not desert him; they parted friends, she to live with another man, a Bulgarian law student. After that, Sergei lived for the revolution and with me; for when Tatyana moved out of his lodgings, I moved in. I did not realize that Tatyana had never swept the place clean; so for a long time I battled with a broom against cigarette stubs, dry tea leaves, dust, cobwebs and intimate feminine rags and tags.

So I lived with Sergei Tretjanoff, a Russian idealist, unlike any other human being I had ever known—neither European nor Asiatic, perhaps both; still something indescribably different, genuinely childlike; yet old in disillusionment. Tender, responsive, kindly; yet fiercely cruel and morose. Impractical, careless, unsystematic, simple, yet terribly involved. When he talked about the revolution, it sounded like a Hebrew prophet talking about the day of the Lord. Living with Sergei Tretjanoff, my life was linked to the great struggle in Russia, whose tragic culmination he witnessed from some Olympian foothill reserved for those lesser gods, who prepare the ammunition for Jove's thunder.

Everything about Sergei was large and broad, from feet to head and heart. I would say soul, but he denied that he had one, so I must forego including it. He was an atheist, yet profoundly religious, as are most revolutionists who, growing impatient with the slow ways of God, deny his existence.

Sergei was more stimulating to me mentally, than the whole philosophic faculty of the university, and

more entertaining than a cageful of monkeys. He was as irregular in his habits as a dollar watch; three or four o'clock in the morning were still the early hours of the night, for tea drinking, cigarette smoking, and for settling the affairs of the sadly unsettled universe.

That which in Sergei set me on fire was the fact that he had left wealth and leisure, had been in prison and in the shadow of the gallows for a cause, a cause whose winning would bring him no reward and might lose him place and privilege, even if it triumphed. Sergei was the most unselfish being I had ever met and the most impatient. He was just a torch made to burn. For him there was no tomorrow, it was all today, now. He had no faith in social panaceas; the world could not be saved by salving its wounds, the whole body was rotten, nothing but revolution could save the world. Evolution, which was then the latest word in science, he rejected as strongly as does any fundamentalist.

Revolutionists, many fundamentalists and all premillennarians are very much alike, though I am sure that all repudiate the comparison. No one of them believes in evolution, and all believe that the world is so bad that it is not salvable except through cataclysm. They predict the overthrow of kingdoms and nations, and the blending of all peoples into a commonwealth of brothers—the millennium.

If the book of Revelation were written today, and its symbolism interpreted as literally as is the habit of a vast number of Christians, the meetings of patriotic organizations would be heated by the demand to suppress the book, and to deport all those who believed its visions. I do not mean to imply that these good Christians are revolutionists. I am certain that they are all good Americans who believe in the constitution and in "America for Americans." Many of them would reject a New Jerusalem even though it came down from heaven, if the twelve apostles were not reborn into the Nordic image, and if the Christ, the Lord of Lords, had Semitic features.

However, the dream of a better world, a new world, makes "strange bedfellows," and one can't choose his fellow dreamers, for the dream world is one. The means of making the dreams come true separates the dreamers—in that revolutionists and revelationists differ. Both may be wrong, and the new world may not come by turning the world upside down or by turning the pockets of the capitalists inside out. His ways are still not *our* ways and in the building of a new world, he is still the architect who has not revealed all his plans.

Though repelled by the methods of the Russian revolution and not sanguine about its achievement, if I have faced it understandingly it is because I played a part in it; a minor part to be sure, hardly like that of a "supe" on the stage; perhaps about as much as a boy makes the circus a success, because he carries water for the elephant; and, come to think of it, that is exactly what I did.

How Sergei managed to live as long as he did I do not know. He was completely cut off from his family's wealth. I suspect that he received small remittances

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from a revolutionary-group in London, but the little he had, he shared or wasted. He made the fewest possible demands upon life. Tea, cigarettes and revolutionary literature were his sustenance, his comforts and his luxuries.

Tuberculosis, with him since he began to waste in prison, was finishing its work. I watched it consuming him as a flame consumes a candle. Each moment the wick growing shorter and shorter, the flame burning brighter, as it sank into the formless tallow.

I was reading to him from Carlyle's French Revolution in the Reclam edition, in which a German publisher has garnered the world's literary treasures for real booklovers—the poor; small pages, small print, small price. I had risen to light his cigarette, but through his blue lips came the last panting breath.

"Bring me tea," he gasped. When I returned to the room with it, he was dead.

So that was my share in the Russian revolution and practically the last thing I did for it; for when I did go into Russia, I went to meet Tolstoy, and when I entered the revolutionary army I found its banner white.

Paul Elmer More and Our American Civilization

By Lynn Harold Hough

PERHAPS I MAY ADMIT that I claim a certain right to discuss Mr. Paul Elmer More and our American life just now. For within eight months, in the midst of all sorts of other duties and activities, I read the eleven volumes of the Shelburne Essays—every one of them. Then I went off to England for the summer, so seeing America once more from afar, and letting the hundred and twenty-five—or thereabouts—Shelburne Essays become mellow and productive in my subconscious life. Layers of other books have been piled upon them—in the aforesaid cellar of the subconscious—books of philosophy and theology, of biography and essay and expositions of history and of theory, but well beneath them the Shelburne Essays lie in the mellow richness of these subconscious depths. At least I hope these depths are mellow and rich. At any rate I am sure that only a preoccupation with lunatics and morons will lead to the conclusion that the subconscious is only a den of serpents. I am sure it is a receptacle of golden treasures. After all, what you send down comes back. That is why I put the Shelburne Essays on the lift—as my English friends would call it—and sent them down for a summer's quiet in the depths of my inner life. Now I am ready to call them up again. And I am myself curious to see how they have behaved hidden away in the cool darkness of the brooding underworld of my mind.

The man who first called Paul Elmer More our American Sainte Beuve used an arresting phrase not without meaning in this connection. Men like More and Gamaliel Bradford—whose "Bare Souls" I am now reading with delight—are always haunted by the memory of Sainte Beuve. He did the thing before them. And, like the violinist who kept his eye on the far gallery, they want to see the master's approv-

ing smile. Gamaliel Bradford has industry, insight and a lithe and athletic style. Paul Elmer More has that rare and memorable thing—an erudition attained through years of patient study and brooding meditation. When you compare Bradford with More, Bradford seems a clever and brightly precocious boy. More is the man of mature and mighty culture. For there is something mighty about such culture as his. He knows the literature of the ancient east. His very life has been lived in the culture of Greece. The Latin life has made friends with him. And the whole of English literature has flowed like a river through his brain. And it has left behind deposits rich and fertilizing, like those which constitute Egypt's great treasure from the Nile. He sees everything in the terms of everything else. He knows the ancestors of ideas which call themselves modern. He traces out the true paternity of institutions. He is a marvelous detective who follows an ideal through all the changes with which, like Proteus, it moves through civilization after civilization and age after age.

This summer a delightful Englishman who was indulging just the slightest bit in that happy pastime of vicarious repentance admitted to me that Americans usually lack background. He did not add comment to the text. And being a very gracious Englishman, he did not add specific examples or illustrations. But the word, like a burr, stuck in my mind. I know that a great many Englishmen who do not use the word publicly think of it, and I have no doubt they use it privately. If there is any truth in what they say, Paul Elmer More is an apothecary with just the medicine we need. Talk about background! Most of the backgrounds there are lie tame and docile in his dooryard waiting for the sound of their master's voice.

I suppose it is true that we do a great deal of hoping and very little remembering. If we remembered more we would be wiser. Perhaps we would be less sure of ourselves. In any event we would have a great many friends we do not really know as yet. Culture would make our ancestors our contemporaries. And they are really very well worth knowing—at least some of them—and very well worth understanding—quite all of them. And the ancestors of other people—Greeks and Romans and Indians—how astoundingly well worth knowing they are! Their faces seem wistful sometimes as they look at us. For, being dead, they cannot make a noise to attract our attention. And we go on living our chaotic, whirling lives as if Aristotle had never taught us to classify the results of human experience and Plato had never taught us to feel the invisible clasping our hearts with divine hands.

For there—the secret is out! Paul Elmer More votes—I suppose he votes—in America. But he is really a Greek whose home is fifth century Athens. He sees the machine-made present with the serene and clear and terribly understanding eyes of the greatest days of Greece.

Modern Americans are not just characterized by humility, not very noticeably. They are not hunting for the disagreeable experience of an "inferiority complex." Perhaps it is the sure instinct of a menaced and embattled complacency which causes many of them to avoid anything like a real comprehension of the glory of Attica. Imagine Socrates at a Monday luncheon of the Rotary club of an American city! But wouldn't he enjoy himself! And wouldn't the

boys—Tom and Jim and the rest—go away with strange discomfort attacking them in the pit of the stomach and gradually ascending to what they have been pleased to call their brains!

That is the first thing about More. Greece has made him, yet he lives in America. He knows all the things we ought to learn and do not want to hear. But he is not entirely Greek. There is that amazing strain of depth and tragic understanding and solemn awe which came to the professor of Sanscrit and the profound student of the writings of India. Was it India which made a philosophical dualist of him? Was it Greece reinforced by the insight of India?

Of course I do not pretend to agree with his philosophy—he might disdainfully retort if we talked about its elements that I do not understand it. But I cannot deny its dignity, its somber beauty, its moral splendor and its spiritual depth. To carry the conscience of a Puritan into the heart of a Greco-Indian dualist is something of an achievement. New England, the New England which had a mighty conscience, takes tribute from the Acropolis and the valley of the Ganges. I say New England, perhaps I should say Israel—for the Old Testament is always in the neighborhood of Paul Elmer More's mind. A Hebrew prophet must sometime have spoken to him. If he has forgotten his name and lineage, he has not been able to forget his message.

And how he hates romanticism! He hates what is good in it. He hates what is bad in it. He hates unwisely and too well. So he does not understand the middle ages. And he misses the secret of the eighteenth century. In his fine and noble hatred of sentimentality he goes on to despise a noble adventure of feeling which, to be sure, fifth century Athens did not understand, but whose secret is told to the world in the pointed arches of the Gothic cathedrals, and in great insights of Dante. The worst you can say of Paul Elmer More is that he does not apprehend the meaning of Dante's rose of love and fire.

But after you have said the worst, what a best remains! How angry you make me, Paul Elmer More, and yet how I love you for that stern and unbending aesthetic conscience of yours, for your proud old tory principles, for your daring telling of the bitter truth we need, for your unveiling shams and your surgeon's knife cutting the malignant growths from our thought! Most of all, how your eleven volumes and hundred and twenty-five essays, with their quiet noble beauty of expression, their steady and deep and burning passion for truth and beauty, have enriched my life. Here are my thanks, Paul Elmer More. And now another—the twelfth volume, please—and very soon. I want to be angry again as you can make me angry. And I want to be glad again as you can make me glad. And I do not want to wait too long.

CORRESPONDENCE

No Political Support for Missions

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: In connection with your articles on foreign missions, the following quotation from the "Life of Las Casas," by Sir Arthur Helps, might be of interest. Las Casas was the first missionary to the natives of this continent. "At a period when brute force was universally appealed to in all matters but more especially in those that pertained to religion, he (Las Casas) contended before juntas and royal councils that missionary enterprise is a thing that should stand independent of all military support; that a missionary should go forth with his life in his hands, relying only on the protection that God will vouchsafe him, and depending neither upon civil nor military assistance."

Eagle Butte, S. D.

RUDOLF HERTZ.

Stupid—But Who?

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: For the past year I have been enjoying your paper. I differ from you often because I am a fundamentalist in doctrine, though I hope I do not partake of the unchristian spirit of which you accuse my tribe. I certainly praise God for your Christian stand on war.

F. A. Dunning's article on the Ku Klux Fulfilling Scripture was one of the cleverest modern satires I have read, but why must he satirize the fundamentalist method of interpreting the apocalypse? Yet perhaps a good deal of our speculating needs just that criticism. But what amazes me is that in your correspondence column Mr. Ramsey of Cleveland and Mr. Katila of Worcester, Mass., unite in calling the article stupid. It seems to one that the stupidity lies somewhere else.

But I cannot commend you so heartily on the paper by Frank R. Shipman, entitled "Where Did Cain Get His Wife?" 'Tis true the Bible does not say that Eve had daughters, but what difference

does that make, since it plainly declares that Adam "begot sons and daughters," Gen. 5:4? It seems to me that Mr. Shipman either has displayed lack of knowledge which a man writing on such a subject ought to possess, or has purposely misrepresented the facts in order to come to his conclusion. I should hate to accuse him of the latter. A higher critic should study his Bible before he condemns us "anxious questioners" for believing it.

Carthage, S. D.

HOWARD C. OSGOOD.

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: I am sorry for the man who refused to renew his subscription to The Christian Century because, forsooth, he read an article in a recent issue which seemed to indicate that you are becoming superstitious. Glory! I wish all editors would catch your kind of "superstitions." Go ahead. Dig into us. Make us think. If we don't like it—we can talk back. Your paper comes to me each week with revivifying power. Please continue to send it to me.

Rocky Hill, Conn.

GEORGE F. EKINS.

The Chaplain's Choice

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: "Christ or Caesar—The Chaplain's Choice," appearing in your issue for October 9, ought to make the issue clear for many a chaplain hesitating on the verge of resigning from the reserve corps and for many a minister hesitating on the verge of applying for a commission as a reserve corps chaplain. The Defense Test made it clear to me that I could no longer conscientiously remain a chaplain in the reserve corps and forced me to resign, though I had been contemplating taking that step for some time. I am convinced that important as is the ministry to soldiers and to citizens in training yet infinitely more important is it that ministers should keep their consciences unshackled, and their mouths unstopped for

the saying of those things that are necessary if war is to be abolished.

Baker, Oregon.

LESLIE L. BOYD.

Finding Cain's Wife

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: Will you please send Frank R. Shipman, author of "Where Did Cain Get His Wife?" a Bible so he can do a little reading in it, for he is wonderfully ignorant of its contents. He says, "the Bible does not tell us that Eve had any daughters." Ask him to read Gen. 5:4, where he will learn that Adam spent eight hundred years (after Seth was begotten) in begetting sons and daughters. Who does Mr. Shipman suppose to be the mother of those additional sons and daughters?

Effingham, Ill.

H. OSCAR STEVENS.

La Follette With Home Folks

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: Our fellow townsman, Bob La Follette, running for president brings home that pertinent scripture: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Since this was true in Nazareth we who make up the public in Senator La Follette's native city may be pardoned for being only about half interested. I drove past the senator's lakeside farm with its many shaggy ponies only this morning and was reminded that I had never turned in at his gate and had never but once approached his humble house from the pier on Lake Mendota. At this point sunset is gorgeous, the lake with a rugged shore visible on either side stretches for six miles westward, and to the south the Capitol dome lighted early each evening stands sentinel as if to step on duty the moment Old Sol goes to rest behind the hills on University Farm. In his choice of such a spot in which to study Shakespeare, master and dramatize the great passages of general literature and formulate not only orations but investigations on matters economic and social, Senator La Follette had shown rare good taste and won the wholesome respect of foe and friend alike. He is a family man and the prominence of Mrs. La Follette, Phil and Bob, Jr., in all the plans and publicity is the natural thing, based first upon the senator's family interest and second upon genuine ability on the part of these others, including Fola La Follette Middleton, actress, his only daughter.

One summer, recently, hearing that the senator was to appear in the Chautauqua program at Lake Monona Assembly, where as a boy my love for great orations was fed on such rare samples as "Buttoned-Up People" by the fascinating stone-mason who was later a bishop, and "Acres of Diamonds," already delivered 6,000 times, and the like, I joined the horde of union labor men, farmers and other commoners to watch for the title of his lecture. Imagine my surprise when it appeared: "Hamlet, The Dane." But how much more must those union men and farm folks have been surprised. At the University club we laughed at the selection of such a title for such a following, but we took out our notebooks and reserved the date, for we remembered his power in drama and his early ability with such characters at Iago, King Lear and Brutus. Some still believe that a greater than Joe Jefferson was diverted from the stage when Bob turned to law and politics as a lad of twenty-two in Dane county. He may be known today as chiefly a juggler with social statistics and the leader of an army of rustics, but for the intellectuals who know him best in his native state he is something entirely different. He is a literary man, a suave parlor gentleman, a polished speaker for any occasion, a man with feeling and the imagination of an artist. This fact explains much. Few men are so misunderstood. I doubt if any are more contradictory in themselves. Certainly few are more sincere and none more courageous. La Follette is a literary man and is more like the average Englishman in parliament than any other present day public man in America. Begin thus and you will come to know him and understand him. He holds his place by his feelings and his appreciation of the crowd.

In the company of three university faculty men and a post-graduate student just home from the elite Princeton, I attended the Chau-

tauca that hot afternoon in July. I was not disappointed, for the La Follette crowd was there, just such a crowd as heard Jesus gladly. I was with the scribes. We were few. They were six thousand. We estimated that not more than one in ten could have told in advance whether Hamlet was the inventor of a new grain binder or the first settler in Dane county. Certainly not fifty per cent would have suspected that their political idol would come from his hospital room to address them on a literary character so ethereal as Hamlet. Nevertheless they assembled quickly with babies, dinner-baskets, and the customary family merriment. They filled the place and poured into the depleted till of the vanishing Chautauqua more than enough to pay for all the fine opera companies and soloists which had harangued the empty seats for the week past. A local attorney with a big voice used fifteen minutes for introduction. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, as if to fight back at Bob for having worried the directors and stockholders ever since he graduated from college, ran the allotted number of trains through that program, one passing every thirty minutes with an occasional switch engine filling in the hissing between times.

But what was the difference to such a group? These people are with him, rely upon him and their gatherings are personal, not public. When the senator came to the platform, aged a bit and more modestly dressed than was his custom when he was governor, they cheered. But there was something more than noise in it. It was the cheer which comes from those whose eyes are strained to study a brother's line of suffering rather than to declare to the listening public that our man has a house. Even the scribes could recognize that characteristic. He held a large manuscript in his hand as he said, "Good afternoon, Neighbors!" and apologized for finding it necessary to read parts of a lecture which he had prepared years ago and long since ceased to deliver, chiefly for want of time from the duties of office. But he did not read. He played Shakespeare's great parts before us—no, not before us—with us. We walked in Denmark. We lived amid the intrigue of a court. We struggled with conviction and, as it were, came in vacillation before our several duties as did Hamlet.

Such attention, at the theater, in worship or in a debate I have never witnessed. The occasion is still one we cannot describe. It will live in my memory as I know it lives in the minds of several other public speakers, as unique. Here was ignorance in mass. The orator carried us through the play, bringing each character to life by action with such vividness that all seemed to understand. And more than that he set forth in argument his theory about Hamlet and those major spiritual questions which stalk through a man's mind, live in his soul or haunt him at each turn in his path. When you hear this candidate, listen first to the dramatist, then to the family man gathering his clan about him, and lastly to the statesman and you will better understand the man, the movement and the following.

Madison, Wis.

E. W. BLAKEMAN.

Address to Other Nations

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: It appears that we are experiencing a national movement for peace which is to have a sort of climax on Armistice day, November 11. Would it not be possible for our people, as citizens, to make an address to the citizens of other countries somewhat along the lines of the following? If you think well of this idea, perhaps you might suggest that this expression be perfected by interested and competent persons in the different communities, and that meetings of citizens all over the United States pass resolutions of this general character.

"Resolved, That this meeting joins in an address from the people of the United States to the people of all other countries, as follows:

"Fellow men and women: We speak to you not officially, but as citizens of the United States of America. We express our good will toward you—toward the people of all nations. We express our desire to avoid war and to have all other nations avoid it. We desire that the social, civic, and economic life of our people amongst themselves, and in their relations with other peoples, be in accordance with right principles, in order that happiness and prosperity may

prevail among us. We desire the same things for the people of all other lands.

'We deplore the fact that misguided persons in every country fail to realize that war is no longer necessary, and should not be regarded as a normal activity of government. We believe it may be avoided by a right mental attitude of nations toward each other, and by the substitution of law and judicial methods for armed conflict. In seeking to avert the calamity of war, we should not do so by preparing to have it, for that kind of preparedness develops fear, distrust, and enmity among nations, and these tend to bring on the conflict we are trying to avoid. At the same time, such preparation wastes the resources of the nation which practices it, resources which should go to build up the nation's own welfare; and thus the very effort to avoid war produces a part of the same mischief which war itself would produce.

'The true preparedness is that which makes a nation strong in all aspects of life, so that the usefulness of the preparation does not depend upon its being used for destruction. To strengthen the finance, physique, character, and capacity of a people serves for welfare as well as for defense.

'It is reasonable that the technical knowledge of war, gained in heroic struggles of the past, should be retained in the possession of governments. Such learning, however, is an esoteric function which should be confined to a very small number of men. It is not the

true function of military experts to teach the people at large, under normal conditions; and it is outside the duty of good citizenship for civilians to become trained in military practice. It is the citizen's duty to devote himself to his country's good, and the wars of the past have been the occasion of unstinted moral devotion. The same spirit of devotion to country and humanity now demands of us the determination that there must be no more wars.

'Military and naval establishments should be reduced to the minimum, for they are not the surest safeguard against disaster. The experience of the world has shown that preparedness of the sort which looks only to fighting efficiency, and not toward the improvement of the population, is no security against war, but rather brings war on. This is because of the psychological law that people tend to do the things they think about.

'Therefore, we should refuse to rehearse for war as though that were the inevitable thing. Instead, we should teach ourselves the attitude of neighborliness, friendliness, and helpfulness toward the people of all other lands. Let us give our earnest attention to these better ways, and follow those leaders who do the same. If any in time of peace tell us to dwell upon thoughts of strife, let us answer them: No—our duty to our country bids us think rather of things we wish to come to pass, namely, international friendship and the well-being of all peoples.'

Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM C. LEE.

British Table Talk

London, October 11.

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT for the millions of ordinary citizens to know why they should be invited three times in three years to elect representatives to parliament. There may be a small group who understand these things, but outside the little inner circle of statesmen and the fringe of tadpoles and tapers, no one knows in the least why, rather than submit to an enquiry into one of their actions, the government should dissolve parliament. But the die is cast; and since there are two great topics of conversation in this country, religion and politics—sport being a good third—and since politics must now be absorbing for the next fortnight, the churches and their concerns will recede into the background. In an ideal state churches would neither be parizan, nor above the battle, but they would be inter-party. They would provide a meeting-ground in which members of all parties should talk over their views and bring them into the light of Christian principles. Such was the judgment of the Copee commission upon the church and politics. There are churches in which this is done, but they are few. As a rule our pastors are content to give general counsel. There used to be a time when the "chapel" went solid for Liberalism, but now that is not so. In a charming volume of sketches, Mr. W. Haslam Mills of the Manchester Guardian describes a Lancashire dissenting community in the 1880's. Then a preacher might pray that "God would bless and sustain Mr. Gladstone." Today there will be practically no sermons preached on any directly political issue. In a long experience the only frankly political sermon I can remember was in a Roman Catholic church.

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The Foreign Minister and the Home Premier

If I may venture to interpret the general mind of our people, they are disposed to think of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a strong and trustworthy foreign minister, but not by any means a great premier on the home side. He has been unduly sensitive and suspicious of the Liberals; he has regarded criticism as if it were always promoted by malice; he has moreover not been supported by a united team. The left wing of his party has been critical and ready to use threatenings. This very week the Labor party has shown that it will have no dealings with communists. None the less in certain parts of industrial Wales

and Scotland the extreme left of Labor is powerful enough to cause much annoyance to the Labor leaders. Now there are many Liberals who would rather trust foreign affairs in the hands of Mr. MacDonald than in those of Mr. Lloyd George, and yet they are convinced that upon the industrial problems of this country the Liberals have a more promising policy. What are they to do? It will be seen how different our case is from that of American citizens. We cannot have Mr. MacDonald as foreign minister without endorsing a home policy about which we are not certain.

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A Supreme Conception of God

In some former notes I mentioned that Dr. Selbie had given at the L. M. S. Conference these addresses on "The Christian Conception of God," "Sin and Salvation," and "The Person of Christ." In the Sunday School Chronicle there are brief notes of these addresses, from which I include an extract: "By its conception of God the life of a nation is determined, and it is the business of the Christian church to stand for and propagate the Christian conception. God has revealed himself to us in a way that we can understand, in the incarnation. When we think of him truly we think of him in terms of humanity at its highest and best, not as Jehovah, but as Jesus of Galilee. In Jesus we have a revelation of the 'grace' of God—that God is seeking man, and his supreme attribute is love. Christians profess belief in this Christian revelation—do they really believe? Would they ever 'worry' if they did? Do they really believe that God loves—Germans? Or their neighbors! Some say that experience of life in its sorrow and pain contradicts the conception of God as love. The Christian revelation is an appeal to faith, offered to us as a working hypothesis for life. Some hypothesis we must have. Shall it be fate? Shall it be evil? The Christian conception is a call to order life after the idea of the love of God, to live it out simply and utterly, and the result is justified in lives that are useful and progressive."

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Congregationalists Meet in Liverpool

It is with high hopes that the Congregational union meets in Liverpool this week. The chairman, Rev. Arthur Pringle, in replying to the welcome offered by the bishop of Liverpool, spoke in cheerful words of the denomination. It was an anti-denominational day, but the churches of the Congregational

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order were not ashamed of being a denomination, "but in all that they did they were striving to link up with great national interests and were not acting in the interests of a petty and competitive denominationalism." At the same time he declared that Congregationalism had still its distinctive contribution to make. The sermon at these meetings is to be preached by Rev. Rhondda Williams, of Brighton, one of the left wing in Congregationalism, a free-lance with a ministry of many years behind him—mystic, heretic, tireless advocate of social reforms, in season or out, and probably with more delight when out of season. But of the meetings more may be said next week. It is, however, noteworthy that the bishop of Liverpool in his welcome speech departed from the tradition, which demands polite diplomatic speech; he spoke frankly of his desire that an agreement might be reached upon the question of religious education. The bishop, Dr. David, was a headmaster of Rugby and a great authority upon education. His words were therefore all the more weighty: "I want to persuade people," he said, "to look at this problem not as an ecclesiastical or political question, but as an educational question, and to set the child in the midst."

The Bishop of Liverpool on Our Ignorance of Religious Truth

The words of Dr. David, the bishop of Liverpool, addressed to his clergy upon education will be received with respect. Dr. David was formerly head master of Rugby and he gave very great service to the Copec commission upon education. "There is a great danger before us. It is that the church may realize its share in the advance of education. I believe that there is a desire in all classes for new seekings of the truth. It is one of the most hopeful features of the time. We are commissioned to be leaders of spiritual life, but we cannot fulfill our charge if we lead our people's devotions and not their thinking too. 'Go ye and teach.' I mean to do my best to secure for us clergy of this diocese more opportunities of refreshing and extending our intellectual apprehension of the faith. I am imposing such cooperative study as an obligation on those whom I ordain. I hope you will help me, both with your sympathy and your suggestions, thus to promote through the cathedral the intellectual as well as the devotional side of our religious life. We of the cathedral have, further, the ambition to contribute to the religious studies of the laity. Our national ignorance in religious matters is profound and appalling. Religious teaching has almost disappeared from the home. The parent has transferred it to the schoolmaster. In most primary and secondary schools it is fragmentary and not very efficient, because it takes too little account of the mental and spiritual capacity of those who receive it. In the universities it hardly exists at all. The result is that the adults of the present generation have heavy arrears to make up, and they are becoming aware of it. We are hoping to provide lectures and classes, which we trust will both meet and stimulate a growing appetite for religious enlightenment."

The Religion of a Journalist

The first part of an article upon religion by the late H. W. Massingham is in the Spectator for this week. In many ways it is the familiar story of a revolt against a crude evangelicalism. "The noble and sincere ones, like my mother, believed in duty and lived by it, while they showed the stern face of the Puritan to the world and its pleasures, and looked forward to a heaven, passionless save for the joy of meeting the one that they loved. The rest were mere Tellurians. The shop was their world and their other-world; the chapel the place where they enjoyed the little measure of power or consideration that the shop-keeping life denied them." Delivered from such a life young Massingham found the newspaper office a pleasant place. Nearly every member had some kind of religion. There was also a sense of pagan enjoyment. But the child of Puritans can rarely leave "the torment of religion behind him." "Helper No. 1 was my Swedenborgian editor. Helper No. 2 was the minister at Octagon Chapel, once the resort of the

Martineaus and of many a famous Unitarian elder, which I frequented, much to the scandal of the orthodox." Of the gifted Unitarian minister, Mr. Perris, he speaks with gratitude; to his Swedenborgian editor he owes it that he saw Christianity as a lovable thing. "Thus the Jesus he expounded to me was really not unlike Blake's deliverer from Jahvism. Only he called him God, while I found a man, and his coming in this human guise did usher in for me a return to sunlight." It will certainly be with deep interest we shall turn to read the rest of this story in the next issue of the Spectator.

EDWARD SHILLITO.

BOOKS

PROBABLY AS KEEN and effective a way as any of taking a fall out of the writers of the ultra-modern type of risqué, salacious, and pseudo-realistic fiction, is the story of the professional success and personal failure of a clever and disagreeable girl who wrote a lot of it, as portrayed in Anthony Wharton's novel *BE GOON, SWEET MAID* (Bohi & Liveright, \$2.00). Herself a curiously colorless, sexless, charmless person, neither tempting nor tempted after the manner of her hectic heroes and heroines, completely bourgeois in her background and outlook, Laura learned that she could write, found what she could sell, and so wrote it—at first, until her father's business failed, to feed her hunger for the kind of notoriety that is less than fame, and then because she needed the money.

THE WAY OF THE BUFFALO (Century Co., \$2.00), by Charles Allen Seltzer, is a novel of the west, as Seltzer's usually are—the good old wild west, where men shot from the hip with frequency and precision. But it is a west which was on the way to becoming a new west, too, with wire fences and "development." Sociologically speaking, the background is furnished by a contact of cultures,—the ways of the old-timer, the cattleman and the buffalo, impinged upon by the mores of the farmer. It was an epic struggle in reality, and the little contest

Women of the Bible

by

Annie Russell Marble

FROM BIBLICAL DAYS COME STANDARDS OF CONDUCT TRIED AND TESTED. HOW WOMEN STRUGGLED, THROUGH SUFFERING, TOWARD THE HIGHEST CHRISTIAN MORALITY. IS TOLD IN THIS APPEALING ACCOUNT OF DAUGHTERS, WIVES AND MOTHERS OF OLD.

Teachers and students of the Bible will be grateful for this presentation of the lives and personalities of the women of the Bible. For a Bible class of older girls or women there is afforded a basis and an outline for study far superior to any of the conventional Sunday School lessons.

PORTLAND OREGONIAN.

PRICE \$2.00

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue

New York City

of Ballantyne vs. Cameron in this story is a microcosm of the old versus the new on the great plains.

The title of John Robert Moore's volume of poetry, *SYMPHONIES AND SONGS* (Four Seas Co., \$1.50 net) was not chosen at random. Six of the poems are conceived in the form of symphonies, that is, a succession of moods expressed in varied and contrasting tempos and rhythms, with interludes to mark the transitions and to explain the action. The symphonic poem has a recognized place as a legitimate form in music, and it appears to us that the author makes good his contention that it is a legitimate and useful form in literature. It is his belief that he has created an entirely new form. While the explicit parallel between a poem so constructed and the symphonic form as developed in orchestral music, may be new, the use of varying metres to express successive movements, moods, and themes in a poem is not new; for example, Henry VanDyke's "Music" and his "God of the Open Air." Mr. Moore's poetry is of substantial quality, sensible rather than inspired, but with occasional lines of real distinction.

The publishers modestly assert that Konrad Bercovici, the author of *ILIANA—Stories of a wandering race* (Boni & Liveright, \$2.00) is "the premier short-story writer of America." It is a tall claim, but, with a fresh and keen admiration of this recently-read volume, we can't seem to think of anyone whom we care to enter against him. Not all of them are about gypsies, but many of them are—gypsies in their native land. Others are about Tartars and other strange peoples along the lower Danube. One is of Havana, and one of the Panama jungle. Every one of them has the impact of one of Balzac's shorter stories (such as "Adieu"), or one of Tolstoy's (like "Eserhaddon"), and there is not a loose word, a slovenly phrase, or a slipshod idea in any of them. We abhor superlatives, but this is as good a volume of short stories as there is by any living writer.

Those of us who have had the disillusioning experience of leaving our accustomed haunts and associates for a longer or shorter period and subsequently discovering—always by accident or by some careless person's slip of the tongue—how little difference our absence made to those whom we left behind, will read A. C. Benson's *CHRIS GASCOYNE* (Dutton, \$2.50) with a mingling of envy and incredulity. For sub-title he calls it *An Experiment in Solitude*. It is a tribute to the charm of Chris's personality that, when he decided to leave London and live in the country, his entire coterie of friends and acquaintances, young and old, male and female, found their conversational resources reduced to one single theme, to-wit, the absence of Chris, about which central motif clustered such variations and embellishments as the consideration of the effect of Chris's absence upon each separate member of the group and also its probable and actual effect upon Chris. And it is a tribute to the charm of Mr. Benson's style and the fertility of his imagination that, on the basis of this somewhat meagre and unsubstantial body of material, he constructs a book whose cheerful wisdom and gentle mirth are quite adequately rewarding. Its merit is not that of a novel but of an essay. It is all very well that Jack gets Gladys and Chris gets Helen (after rather a narrow escape from her mother), but there is no reason why the reader should be much excited about these arrangements since the parties most directly concerned apparently were not. What counts in this book is not what happens but the by-play, the comment, the effervescence, the esprit.

As a story for boys, *THE SILENT FIVE* by T. Morris Longstreth (Century Co., \$1.75) is decidedly a real one. With the initial scene laid at a boys' camp under the expert management of the "prof," it develops into a tale of hidden treasure, pirates and all the rest, but told in the English of Stevenson rather than the language of Nick Carter. There are plenty of hair-raising adventures, some of them improbable enough—if that matters in a world where the least probable things are always happening—but a fine spirit and no blood-and-thunder stuff.

PETER WAS MARRIED is both the statement of an unfortunate fact and the title of a novel by Granville Street (Putnam, \$2.00). Peter was a preacher in a mill town, with a proper urge to get in and the natural temptations to stay out of the industrial conflicts which meant life to some of his fellow-townsmen and profits to some of his parishioners. Peter came through that trial creditably enough, went to England, and got into the war.

He was married before the story begins, but his wife was not properly a preacher's wife. She was unfaithful to him, and, while trying to win back his wife, Peter fell in love with somebody else. Then follows a long wrangle over the divorce. In fact, the story becomes a sort of clumsy tract in the interest of more and better divorces. The author tells us on a fly-leaf that "the people mentioned in this book are fictional." This assurance is unnecessary. We should never have mistaken any one of them for a real person.

Of all the new novels, there is none that the reviewer has enjoyed more than Ada Barnett's *THE JOYOUS ADVENTURER* (Putnam, \$2.00). For sheer joy and buoyancy, for freedom from the grime of the world and the conviction of the beautiful and rapturous possibilities of human life in loving contact with nature, that blessed and impossible boy, Copper Top, is incomparable. To be sure, he is less than half human. The soul of him is quite frankly that of some other-worldly elfin spirit that walks the rainbows and hears the bluebells ring. But just because he is as obviously non-human as Peter Pan, and in about the same way, he is equally fascinating and plausible. There are moments at which the story appears about to degenerate into a tract in favor of vegetarianism, but this does not spoil the story. The final disappearance of Copper Top, too, is rather heart rending. For he is disappointed in love, he swims out into the sea at dawn, and is seen no more. But if the reader is saddened by this tragic denouement, he may find some comfort in the fact that it has really not happened yet. A careful observation of some chronological data in the story indicates that this event is not due to occur until about 1927. For early in the story something is mentioned which happened in 1916, and then there is a lapse of at least a year or two, and then, after some incidents, there is another lapse of eight years, and then further events which would require at least two years. So we are comforted by the thought that, while the narrative is always in the past tense, Copper Top really has at least three years yet to go, and perhaps the author can be persuaded to find some means to save his life before that period expires. We hope so, for he is a joyous and delectable creature. We would rather have him evaporate with the morning dew than drown in the English Channel if it is quite settled that such a life is impossible in the world today.

When William T. Hornaday writes about the wonders of nature and the marvels of wild animal life, one may be sure that he is not subordinating scientific accuracy to superficial interest. In his *TALES FROM NATURE'S WONDERLANDS* (Scribner's, \$2.50), he very skillfully combines scientific accuracy with popular interest. He tells about strange animals, both of former ages and of the present time, and of migrations and adventures, and of glaciers, deserts, jungles, and the deep sea. It is a very exciting book to anyone, young or old, who has the least vein of imagination.

Not for a long time have we had a more sincere attempt to picture the American life of the moment, as big business lives it, than Arthur Train gives in *THE NEEDLE'S EYE* (Scribner's, \$2). The idea seems to be to take a son of J. P. Morgan, endow him with the social sensitiveness of a John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and make him fall in love with a daughter of the Stillmans, said daughter being herself impregnated with the ideas of the Rand school. And Mr. Train mixes this concoction—using different names, of course—well. The end of the book is a bit theatrical, and by so much hardly up to the rest of it. Had it been, the whole would have been one of the authentic American documents. As it stands, it is very good, and in spots is better than that. The description of industrial warfare in West Virginia is particularly vivid, while Mr. Train really makes of the march of the miners over the mountains a thrilling chapter.

Seemingly we know little more about why we send people to jail than we knew seventeen years ago when Brand Whitlock first published his *THE TURN OF THE BALANCE*. Apparently we do know enough, however, to appreciate this as one of the novels of real worth in the depiction of the police problems of a modern community. So we have demanded a reprint, and Bobbs Merrill has complied. \$2.50.

There is nothing yet in print seriously to compete with Moulton's *MODERN READER'S BIBLE* when it comes to the presentation of the ancient book in appealing literary form. Now the publishers (Mac-

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millan, \$5) have put it out in a sumptuous one-volume edition, with fifty colored illustrations. To us, however, the new form is not as attractive as the old. The book is too bulky for easy handling, and the illustrations, while they might interest a child, have scarcely the dignity to go with such a text.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson for November 9. Lesson text John 6:1-15.

Three Points of View

PHILIP—"Two hundred shillings' worth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little."

ANDREW—"There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves and two fishes, but what are these among so many?"

JESUS—"Make the people sit down."

Here are three types of men; you find them in every class, club, church or business. To study them will prove an illuminating experience.

Philip represents your practical man. The world is full of his kind. Philip gets a job and holds it forty years. Every Saturday night he brings home his pay-envelope to his wife. He is as faithful as the Roman guard at the sea-gate of Pompeii. His honesty and fidelity are above suspicion. But he has no imagination. That is the reason he never gets on. He keeps the company's books; he takes the company's stock; he runs the company's shipping office. He never suggests an improvement; he never projects an office in South America nor an enlargement of the plant at home. He is as steady and unimaginative as a horse. Philip faces a problem here. There are five thousand people to feed. The pencil comes out and he suggests that at twenty-five cents a head, it would cost one thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars to feed the crowd. He adds, "Even at that it would be a rather small meal." If you ever tried to build a new church you have found about seventeen Philips on the church board. "Yes, we need the building; the people cannot get into our present church; the Sunday school is overcrowded. A new church would cost \$100,000 and it wouldn't be much of a one at that." How to raise the money—not a suggestion. Faithful and dull—a plodding ox—that is Philip.

Andrew is more hopeful. He has sufficient imagination to see a possible beginning. He knows one hungry boy who brought a lunch—five crackers and two sardines. If only those crackers and fish could be multiplied—but, of course, they could not be multiplied. Andrew was eager, awake, resourceful, but he lacked the power to put his suggestions over. He lost faith, all too quickly, in his own good plan. In spite of all, he had a touch of genius. Andrew was the man who conceived the idea of building a church by selling bricks!! Andrew was the man who started children's day for giving a dollar for each of his children. Andrew's wife thought out the chain-letter! "Well," said Andrew, "I'll give the first \$25.00 toward

the new organ, but what is that toward raising \$10,000?" Thank God for Andrew; he suggests a way out.

Jesus accepts Andrew's way. But for Andrew he might never have thought of such a curious method. Who ever heard of multiplying a boy's lunch until five thousand hungry men and women were fed, not to count a lot of ravenously hungry boys and girls. And do not overlook that boy. What do you suppose he thought would happen to his lunch—yet he handed it over? Boys are grand in a pinch. "Sure, you can have my lunch," said the boy, and Jesus smiled and thanked him for it and then asked God's blessing upon it—grace before the meal. Jesus could see the possibilities and he could with enthusiasm work out what he saw. That is your great man every time. Philip would like to have the new church and he will faithfully bank what others give; Andrew thinks out a plan, but it seems too good to be true and he drops it, but Jesus sees the plan, believes in the plan and furnishes the energy to carry it through to perfect completion. The fine thing is that Jesus can use both Philip and Andrew and that the two men, working together, make a good team on the every-member-canvas.

This picture is true to life. You desire to build up your class to one hundred. Philip will attend every Sunday, but in a thousand years, he would never bring another with him. He can't imagine how to approach a new prospect. In fact, all he ever thought of was getting there himself. Andrew thinks out a scheme, but doubts whether it would work. Jesus would grasp the idea with contagious enthusiasm and masterly energy and work it out to a happy conclusion.

Take up your history of the Christian religion and sweep your eyes all the way from Paul to Sam Higginbottom and in every case the "creators" have been not men of the Philip type, not men of the Andrew mold, but always men of the Jesus mind and soul. Such creators started the apostolic church, such people died singing in the Colosseum, such men built the cathedrals, such men began foreign missions, such men demanded social regeneration. How we need them, these practical idealists, these re-incarnate Christs!

JOHN R. EWERS.

The Sense of Immortality

The Freedom of the Slave of God

by Philip Cabot

In this little book Mr. Cabot gives expression to what is now the fundamental conviction of his life, forced upon him through dangerous personal experience. Seldom has the belief in immortality been more cogently set forth; seldom have words been compelled to carry such depth of meaning. In a day of religious indifference, Mr. Cabot is a new prophet, his lips touched with coals from the divine altar, his whole heart aflame with this message. Such faith will not only bring deeper satisfaction to those who already believe; it must carry unusual weight and suggestion to the hesitant who are still debating the question of life after death.

Paper binding, 50 cents; cloth binding, \$1.00

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Contributors to This Issue

LYNN HAROLD HARRIS, president, Beaver college for women, Beaver, Pa.; Methodist minister; contributor to religious and educational journals.

EDWARD A. STEINER, professor, applied Christianity, Grinnell college, Grinnell, Ia.; author, *The Immigrant Tide, From Alien to Citizen, Introducing the American Spirit, etc., etc.* This is one of a series of autobiographical articles that Dr. Steiner is contributing to *The Christian Century*. The next will appear in an early issue.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, minister, Central Methodist church, Detroit, Mich.; author, *The Theology of a Preacher, Life and History, The Imperial Voice, etc., etc.*; contributing editor, *The Christian Century*.

NEWS OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD

A Department of Interdenominational Acquaintance

Student Resolutions Stir Presbyterians

It is evident that the resolutions adopted by the conference of Presbyterian students, held recently in Saugatuck, Mich., and first printed in *The Christian Century*, have stirred up considerable turmoil in Presbyterian circles. The Presbyterian, long the mouthpiece of the forces opposed to Dr. Fosdick, opens fire with an editorial entitled, "Students' Sacrilegious Impertinence." In the course of the editorial it is said that "the state school, where there is no religious instruction, is safer than the professed Christian school, which is undermining faith and dishonoring the church's testimony and the word of God. If this is the result of the work of Christian colleges, then no wonder the board (of Christian education) cannot secure sufficient funds for their work. No sane or faithful Christian could give the Lord's money to produce such results as this." The board thus picked as the point of attack has made public a statement in which it is said: "Our board has no responsibility whatsoever for these resolutions; but we are profoundly anxious about the spiritual life of these students. . . . This group came together, as have many other bodies of students recently, for the purpose of studying religious problems in their college and university life. They spent three days in conference and devotional study of the Bible. The report they drew up, which has been widely published, was supposed to give their analysis of the situation from the student's point of view and to suggest the remedy. These frank statements must be examined with great care. We must see to it that a wise directive contact is established between these inquiring young people and church leaders. It would be unfortunate to lose our patience with the young people in our own households because they have said things some of which our mature judgments cannot confirm."

Ohio Churches Oppose Bible Reading Bill

By a unanimous vote the recent assembly of the Ohio council of churches defeated a proposal to put that organization behind a bill to make reading of the Bible in the public schools of the state compulsory. Instead, the assembly urged churches to promote further the plan of week-day directors of religious education of the various denominations. Bible reading under any and all conditions is evidently not a fetish that appeals to the good sense of the Protestants of Ohio. They have their eyes on the main issue.

Episcopal Body to Probe Paterson Silk Strike

Silk workers in Paterson, N. J., on strike since the middle of August, are to have their grievances and the conduct of the strike investigated by the Church League for Industrial Democracy, an organization within the Episcopal church. The resolution calling for this study was 1414

introduced at the meeting of the league on Oct. 9 by George Foster Peabody. It said: "A prolonged strike in an industrial center of the importance of Paterson, N. J., whose markets are nation-wide, is a matter of public concern. The church is vitally interested in industrial peace, and the Church League for Industrial Democracy, which seeks to promote peace by

increased understanding and the spirit of fraternal cooperation in industry may appropriately make impartial investigations for the enlightenment of its members. Therefore, the executive secretary is instructed to prepare for the members of the league a report on conditions which have led to the strike, the present policy of the city government regarding public

Women's Jubilee Marks Disciples Convention

COMING BACK to Ohio, where fifty years ago the first women's missionary society in the denomination was formed, the Disciples of Christ in their twelfth international convention celebrated the completion of a jubilee fund of \$1,000,000 on behalf of the women's work of the church. From Oct. 14 to 19 the vast Cleveland city auditorium, in which two of this year's presidential tickets were named, listened to the rejoicings as the raising of the million dollar fund was heralded, or echoed to report and debate as other features of the life of the communion were discussed. Seven thousand delegates were registered, and there were many present who did not register. At the communion service on the closing Sunday afternoon at least ten thousand must have participated. Leaders in the church accounted it one of the most successful in the series of international gatherings.

TOPICAL PROGRAM

The program was planned to present the main interests of the Disciples rather than the appeals of boards and societies as such. Beginning with the presentation of reports from organizations on Tuesday afternoon, followed by the address of the president, Dr. A. E. Cory, of Kinston, N. C., that evening, the program took up, in order, the jubilee and its achievements, the work of the Disciples in America, the relation of the Disciples to modern social problems, the work of the Disciples overseas, and the relation of the church to war. The presidential address of Dr. Cory dealt with the sort of a church that should be doing the work of a limitless Christ in the world. Something of its sweep may be caught from a paragraph such as this:

"The church of today must commit itself to the unity of the world. A nation may build its immigration laws and its barriers of self-contentment, and may avow that it will stay out of this continent or that, but the bride of Christ cannot hesitate when that pointing finger says, 'Go.' There is no barrier in Jesus Christ, and because the soiled hand of politics has mishandled this question or that the church must not hesitate. Any question that is a question of right or wrong is a question that the follower of Jesus Christ cannot commit to his political party, to his class consciousness, or even to his government. If individual Christians, or when they are grouped together

as a band of believers, shall follow any leadership that retards the growth of the spirit of brotherhood in the world, they shall have allied themselves with the forces of evil."

Dr. Cory, a former leader of the Men and Millions movement, stressed strongly the need of giving the church on the mission field a free hand for the development of its own life. "A church that has anything of organization or dogma that must be perpetuated is of necessity hampered as it crosses the boundaries into other lands," he declared. "The only church that can serve in any day is the church that sends its message to every nation and then leaves the native church free to propagate and to develop into independence and power in its own way." This interest in missions was strongly marked throughout the convention. The completion of the women's jubilee fund contributed much to its vigor; the presence of a large group of natives of other lands was also a factor. Reports of the United Christian Missionary society showed, however, that while the women's section of the society had succeeded in raising their special fund the general missionary income was about \$52,000 below that of the year previous. This, coupled with an increase in missionary operating expenses, increased the total deficit of the society to more than \$100,000.

ATTACK ON AINSLIE

The attempt to punish Dr. Peter Ainslie, pastor of the Christian Temple, Baltimore, Md., and president of the Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity, for having declared in favor of open membership in his church provided the convention with one of its few tense moments. According to the constitution of the Disciples' convention, any persons present may submit resolutions, all of which go to a committee on recommendations, and all of which have to be reported back again to the convention by that committee with its recommendations. The charge of the conservative forces, holding aloft the banner of closed membership, brought before the convention two resolutions. The first would have stricken from the roll of churches in the Disciples' year book all congregations practicing open membership. The committee, on the basis that the convention has no right to act in matters of doctrine and that the

(Continued on page 1420)

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meetings organized by strikers and other pertinent facts which must be known if a just settlement is to be made." It has been reported from Paterson that the operators of the silk mills have refused to treat with their employees, even when requested by the mayor of the city to do so, and that strikers' meetings have been broken up by the police.

Final Decision on Vatican Postponed by French

France has not yet definitely withdrawn its diplomatic mission from the vatican, although it has been semi-officially reported that it would do so. Every possible bit of influence that the Catholic church can bring to bear is being placed upon Premier Herriot to induce him to change his mind. In view of the precarious position of the Herriot government, which has been further weakened by the downfall of the MacDonald ministry in Great Britain, it is possible that it will be decided to leave matters as they are for the present. In the meantime, the

budget commission, which must officially decide the matter by including or failing to include the support of the vatican mission in the annual expenditures of the state, marks time.

Nolan Best Leaves the Continent

Nolan R. Best, for fourteen years editor of the Continent, and one of the outstanding figures in American religious journalism, has resigned that position. Rumors of a possible change in the editorial direction of the weekly have been current for some time, but nothing became public until Oct. 17, when Mr. Best announced his resignation, stating that matters had been brought to a head by the failure of the paper to print an editorial on the Fosdick case as he had written it. Mr. Best had been a strong supporter of Dr. Fosdick. "When this editorial on the resignation was not printed," the New York Times quoted him as saying, "it made it appear as if the Continent had deserted him in his hour of need, and I felt that I

Place for Liberals in Creedal Churches

FRESH FROM HIS professorship in Rochester Theological seminary, Dr. Justin Wroe Nixon, newly installed pastor of the famous Brick Presbyterian church of Rochester, N. Y., sought on Oct. 12 to vindicate the place of the religious liberal within the ministry and membership of creedal churches. Dr. Nixon's sermon was suggested by the Fosdick incident in New York.

"What about the morality of creedal subscription?" asked Dr. Nixon. "What is the value and the menace of creeds to the churches and to their ministers? Why do men with modern views stay in the creedal churches instead of organizing some new denomination or of joining creedless and liberal sects? These are some of the questions that arise when we face the implications of Dr. Fosdick's decision. I present them to you, partly because I had already determined to discuss with you this fall the question of our creeds, partly because my own religious background and history give me a peculiar sympathy with Mr. Fosdick and with the motives which influenced him, and partly because the situation needs clarifying for the young men who are entering the Presbyterian ministry. What shall we say then of the morality of the process of creedal subscription? What is that process in the Presbyterian church?"

HOLY SPIRIT THE TEST

After explaining the meaning of creedal subscription in Presbyterian law and practice Dr. Nixon described at length the reasons why men with modern views feel themselves justified in remaining within their present denominations. In the case of the Presbyterian church he stated that the Westminster confession specifically makes "the Holy Spirit speaking in scripture" the supreme judge in all controversies, and this, he maintained, gives the largest liberty of interpretation. "The Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Dr. Nixon suggested that the liberality

of certain liberal churches is more apparent than real. "As for the so-called liberal churches," he said, "the difficulty is that with all the liberality which they profess, that liberality is more evident toward new truth than toward old truth. And there is old truth in the symbols and confessions of orthodox Protestantism which is dear to many of us as life. We may not agree with the particular forms of thought in which our fathers expressed their faith, but their emphasis on the terrible reality of moral evil and its organic relationship to human life, on the centrality of the cross in Christian experience, on the great mystery of the Incarnation, on the decisive character of Christ's life and work for the salvation of mankind, and on the certainty of the blessed hope of immortality—that emphasis we miss in the liberal churches and that emphasis belongs to the heart of our own religious faith.

WILL NOT WITHDRAW

"As for leaving these great churches of ours to organize a new denomination, despite the large measure of intellectual tolerance in the atmosphere of these churches, such a policy is unthinkable. It involves an altogether wrong impression of the reality of the religious life within the creedal churches. That life is a complex of traditions, memories, customs, spiritual inheritances and illuminations which cannot be discovered in the reading of their creeds. To leave all that these churches have and are because of the difference in the intellectual interpretation of Christian truth and in the presence of a tolerance which makes it possible for conservatives and progressives to cooperate together in great Christian enterprises seems a ghastly thing. It would strike a blow at the most characteristic feature of modern Protestantism, its spirit of inclusion as distinguished from the spirit of exclusion. A new day has dawned in the churches, creedal and non-creedal. We all want all the truth we can find anywhere.

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could not permit myself to appear in that position, so I regretfully severed my connection with the publication." Supporters of the paper have taken exception to this interpretation of Mr. Best's leaving, con-

tending that he would soon have gone anyway. The paper is published in Chicago, but has been edited by Mr. Best from New York. The leading editorial in the first issue to appear without Mr. Best's

name as editor deals with the necessity of protecting the supreme court from attack.

McConaughy Becomes Wesleyan President

Dr. James L. McConaughy, whose term of service as president of Knox college, Galesburg, Ill., has brought him national standing among the younger and more experimental educators of the country, has been elected president of Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn. Dr. McConaughy, a graduate of Yale, and a teacher at Bowdoin and Dartmouth before coming to Knox, is less than forty years of age. He attracted the attention of educators when he attacked the way in which the German educational system has been appropriated by some American institutions, and is known as a foe of the so-called lecture method of teaching. He is the second executive to be chosen within the last few years from without the ranks of the denomination to head an important Methodist institution, the first having been President Walter Dill Scott, of Northwestern university.

Sees Unitarian Separation Lessening

FOR SOME TIME a master in equity, Fred T. Field, has been considering on behalf of the courts of Massachusetts the petition of certain "visitors" to the Andover Theological seminary to set aside the "plan of closer affiliation" whereby that institution was merged two years ago with the divinity school of Harvard university. The equity proceedings were brought in behalf of the orthodoxy of the former school, it being contended that, by uniting it with a school of Harvard's Unitarian traditions, the purposes of the original charter were being undermined.

The master recommends to the court that the present amalgamation be confirmed, holding that there is no better basis in sight for the conducting of a theological seminary of the standing required by the Congregational churches of New England. The master believes that the differences between trinitarian and unitarian Congregationalism have grown much less with the passage of the years, and that it is now possible to conduct classes in Harvard in such a way as to conform to the purposes intended by the founders of Andover. While the decision will not become final until it has been approved by the court, the sections dealing with the theological issues between trinitarians and unitarians have already roused wide interest. In this legal opinion, according to the summary presented by the Boston Transcript, Mr. Field takes these positions:

MAIN DIFFERENCES

The principal difference in doctrinal positions in the period around 1807 between the orthodox or trinitarian Congregationalists and the liberal or unitarian Congregationalists was with respect to the nature of Jesus Christ—that is, with respect to his relation to God. The orthodox or trinitarian position was, in popular terms, that Jesus Christ is God. This is not, however, a strictly accurate statement of what was then the orthodox or trinitarian position. More accurately stated this position was that Jesus Christ is the word of God or the eternal Son of God incarnate in the man Jesus—that is, that Jesus Christ is the manifestation or revelation of God. The unorganized unitarianism of the period was marked by a wide variety of doctrinal positions. They ranged from the conservative position of Channing—a species of Arianism—who believed in the pre-existence of the Son of God who became incarnate in Jesus, but believed that he was not eternal but was the first and highest of created things, through the position—fairly described as Socinian—that Jesus Christ was a mere man, to the extreme materialistic position, though the last position had few adherents in New England. In popular terms, the liberal or unitarian Congregationalists, with the exception of those who held views similar to the views of Channing,

denied that Jesus Christ is God. This difference of position as to whether or not Jesus Christ is God fairly represents the present difference between the doctrinal positions of the orthodox or trinitarian Congregationalists and the liberal or unitarian Congregationalists as popularly expressed, though for philosophical thinkers, trinitarians and unitarians, more or less generally this difference no longer obtains for the reason that "God" and "man" are no longer regarded by them, as at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as mutually exclusive.

ORIGINAL SIN

I find that it is a fair statement of the position of most or a very large majority of modern Unitarians that they deny "that the nature of human beings has been vitiated, corrupted, and disabled in consequence of the sin of Adam, for which God has in judgment doomed our race to suffering and woe; that Jesus Christ is God, and therefore an object of religious homage and prayer; and that the death of Christ is made effectual to human salvation by reconciling God to man and satisfying the claims of an insulted and outraged law." Except as otherwise herein stated I do not find that the orthodox or trinitarian Congregationalists affirm these propositions. So far as the "sin" or "fall" of Adam is concerned I find on evidence before me that there is now no controversy between the orthodox or trinitarian Congregationalists and the liberal or unitarian Congregationalists in New England, since in New England Congregationalists, whether trinitarian or unitarian, do not generally accept the account thereof in Genesis as historical.

There is not now the sharp conflict between the orthodox or trinitarian Congregationalists and the liberal or unitarian Congregationalists that there was in the period around 1807, but there remains a fundamental difference between the two. This difference is confined to a part of the field of systematic theology. Except as this difference is discussed historically it is irrelevant in the other branches of study which are ordinarily carried on in a theological school.

Though the word "evangelical," which means going back to the gospel and came in with the reformation, has had various applications since the founding of the theological institution in Phillips Academy, it has been used by Protestants among themselves as applying to the so-called trinitarian churches or denominations.

I find that Universalism has exercised a large influence on the transformation of the idea of God held by other denominations, but on the evidence before me I find that the doctrines which went under the name of Universalism at the time of the founding of the Theological Institution in Phillips Academy are no longer held.

Think St. Patrick's Bones Found

Reports from London state that excavators in Pembrokeshire, having unearthed the ruins of a St. Patrick's chapel in the churchyard of St. David's cathedral, have discovered a skeleton that is believed to be that of the saint himself. The skeleton is said to be in good condition, and is being carefully guarded pending the final establishment of its identity.

Church to Fore in Country Conference

With "Religion in Country Life" as its central theme the seventh national country life conference will convene in Columbus, O., on Nov. 7. The program this year is built on the open forum idea. Such ques-

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tions as these will be discussed: Is the open country church indispensable? In what sense is the rural church an educational institution? In what way does the church affect economic processes? What kind of religion will meet the farmer's needs? What is the plan and program of national cooperation on behalf of country church efficiency? What are some of the movements outside the church that have a distinct influence upon religion in the country community? Does the church recognize these movements as religious factors and how does the church cooperate with them? In addition to the open forum there will be group discussions on such subjects as agricultural economics, the rural state of the church, a country church program, theological training for rural leadership, national issues, and many others.

Provide Religious Education Department for Colleges

The Presbyterian Board of Christian Education announces that the gift of an anonymous donor has made possible the establishment of departments of religious education in two Presbyterian colleges, provided those institutions meet certain requirements before the end of March, 1926. Maryville college in Tennessee and Trinity university in Texas have been chosen as the scene of what is really an experimental gift. The income of \$100,000 is to be divided between them, provided they obtain as much again from other sources, and a department is to be maintained in which are three full-time teachers, giving as much instruction in the Bible and related subjects as shall make it possible for a student to major in the department. The board is to be the judge as to whether adequate educational standards are being maintained. If the experiment succeeds it is believed that a series of such schools will be established in 25 other Presbyterian institutions now anxious to receive them.

New Unitarian Church in Nation's Capital

With appropriate exercises, in which Chief Justice William Howard Taft, President Samuel A. Eliot of the American Unitarian association, and other denominational leaders participated, the Unitarians of Washington, D. C., on Oct. 26, 27, dedicated their new \$650,000 All Souls church. Dr. Ulysses G. B. Pierce has been the pastor of this congregation since 1901, and in this building enterprise, which has given the national capital one of its finest ecclesiastical structures, he has had the support of Unitarian bodies throughout America. Since John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun placed their names on the roster of the original Unitarian society in Washington, the congregation has contained many distinguished men.

Sayre Leaves Editorship for Secretary Task

John Nevin Sayre, whose work as editor of the World Tomorrow has helped to make that one of the conspicuous monthlies within the Christian movement in America, has resigned that position to devote all his time as secretary to the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He is to

some degree switching jobs with Grace Hutchins, who resigns as secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation to become one of the two editors of the World Tomorrow. Devere Allen continues to hold the other editorial post.

Methodist Women Raise Millions for Home Missions

The members of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the Methodist church raised more than \$3,000,000 for their work last year according to reports presented at the annual meeting held in Chicago, Oct. 8-15. This represented an increase in contributions over the previous year of more than \$130,000. In four years the 448,000 members have given more than \$11,000,000. Of the total, mite boxes brought in 18,100,600 pennies. Reporting to the same convention the work of the denomination as a whole, Dr. R. J. Wade, secretary of the world service commission, said that more than \$68,000,000 had been expended in benevolent work in the last five years, while expenditures for new churches and parsonages last year reached the total of \$26,000,000. The total property valuation of this one denomination in the United States and abroad was reported to approximate \$500,000,000.

Mexico; China; Paul Jones— Focus of Episcopal Interest

The recent special session of the house of bishops of the Episcopal church spent more time in trying to arrive at a satisfactory method of dealing with the interests of the communion in Mexico than with any other question. The missionary bishop in Mexico having retired in ill health, the matter of electing his successor came up. But a report presented by Bishop George H. Kinsolving, of Texas, showed that it is against the Mexican constitution for foreigners to propagate religion in that country or to hold property there. Other mission enterprises are going ahead regardless of the law, it being generally understood that the Mexican government retains it in order to have a legal hold on such ecclesiastics as may incur its wrath, but that it will not be generally or drastically enforced. Bishop Kinsolving, however, was not ready to have the Episcopal church take advantage of any such extra-legal arrangement. "When it comes to ecclesi-

astical bootlegging, I draw the line," he exclaimed. "Under the present Mexican government no foreign school teacher or clergyman can go in there to teach or preach. I do not think our church ought to go into that republic as an outlaw." A good many of the bishops opposed this view, feeling that a spiritual need constitutes a call that is above the sanctions of any temporal law. But the house, by the close margin of 43 to 42, voted to delay action until the general convention to be held next year. A way out of an embarrassing situation in China was found when a suffragan bishop, in the person of Rev. A. A. Gilman, president of Boone university, Wuchang, was elected for the diocese of Hankow. Bishop Logan H. Roots, head of the diocese, and one of the most prominent workers for Christian unity in China, was elected two years ago to be one of the secretaries of the China Christian council, and desired to take the position. Church authorities objected, and Bishop Roots finally brought the matter to a head by resigning. By the election of a suffragan, Bishop Roots is induced to withdraw his resignation, give part time to his diocese, and still act for the China council. A strong effort was made by a group of bishops to elect Bishop Paul Jones to the vacant bishopric of north Texas. The attempt was unsuccessful, but it is increasingly clear that the Episcopal church feels the need of finding some place within its own ranks for such a ministry as that of Bishop Jones. It will be remembered that Bishop Jones resigned the diocese of Utah in 1917 because of dissatisfaction within the church at his alleged pacifism. Since then he has been one of the outstanding leaders of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Evangeline Booth to Stay in America

The most important piece of news that has come out of the present trip of General Bramwell Booth, world commander of the Salvation Army, to this country, is his announcement that Commander Evangeline Booth will be allowed to remain at the head of the army in America. For several years there have been reports of increasing friction between the two, with almost annual forecasts of the American commander's recall. Now all that trouble seems to have been ironed out, and the commanding general, having seen

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ples intermarried and produced the Hebrew nation, which forgot its origin, but which, nevertheless, inherited Baalism and Jehovism from its double ancestry. The two earlier races disappeared in the "melting-pot"; but their points of view remained as distinctions attaching to social classes within the new nation.

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personally the unusual character of the hold on the American imagination and affection secured by his sister, will let her carry on her program as she thinks best. Perhaps the remembrance of the great split that came years ago, when General William Booth, the founder, removed his son, Ballington, from the American command, helped to secure this conciliatory policy. Miss Booth has recently been leading in the dedication of a new Salvation Army home in one of the suburbs of Washington, D. C. President Coolidge, Secretary Wilbur, and other high government officials proved eager to have a part in the proceedings. Recent summaries of Salvation Army statistics reveal nearly 85,000 officers and men, not including 28,150 bandmen, conducting work in 61 countries. Conversions are claimed to range between 225,000 and 275,000 a year.

Wisconsin Congregationalists for War Outlawry

Outstanding among many recent church actions on the war issue are the resolutions adopted by almost unanimous vote at the Wisconsin Congregational conference, held at Beloit, Wis., on Oct. 8. Said these resolutions: "We believe our country to be in far greater danger from war itself than from invasion by any hostile nation. We believe the prevention of war to be the greatest moral and political issue before the country, although all political parties are evading it.

"Grateful to our government for leadership in the movement toward reduction of armaments and the promotion of tribunals for international arbitration, we insist on a still more decided and aggressive policy in these directions. We urge the immediate entrance of the United States into the permanent court of justice, and our entrance into the league of nations with such adaptation as the American people may deem imperative in the expectation that this will give men of good will an adequate instrument for securing and maintaining world peace. We hold the cause of peace dearer than party allegiance and shall tolerate no dilatory or evasive attitudes on the part of those who represent us.

"It is our conviction and decision that in international relations nations shall change from laws and rules and sanctions of and for war to organic laws against war; that war as a way of settling disputes between nations be made a crime under the laws of nations and the war system of the world be outlawed and abolished.

"We urgently recommend to our Congregational education society the preparation and introduction of lessons on world peace, to be a part of our religious instruction. Furthermore, we recommend to our state board of education that textbooks shall be prepared for use in our public schools which shall exalt the arts and achievements of peace more than those of war.

"We affirm our patriotism unqualifiedly, but we are resolved to support no war in the future solely because of the dictum of the state. We must demand also that the Christian conscience shall be able to find no other alternative under the circumstances."

Churches Combine in Stewardship Study

With the formation of the United Stewardship council, composed of representatives of more than a score of denominations engaged in the promotion of Christian stewardship, it has become possible to coordinate the study of that subject. For the current year the council announces that it has endorsed, as a common text-book, "The Stewardship of All of Life," written by Luther K. Lovejoy, of the Methodist church. There is also a small handbook for general use, "Partnership in Living," prepared by D. Clay Lilly, of the southern Presbyterian church.

Cleveland Seeks Racial Understanding

The federated churches of Cleveland, O., according to the Continent, are launching a concerted effort for the improvement of relations between whites and Negroes in that city. A survey recently completed shows that only 5.2 per cent of the 45,000 Negro residents are illiterate, as compared with 13 per cent of the foreign-born. Fifty-nine churches seek to minister to this portion of the population. It is now proposed to watch the developing racial situation closely, to promote respect for law and understanding with the city authorities, to foster friendly relations between white and Negro churches, to encourage Negro pastors to conduct more social service and to promote conferences for the discussion of racial problems.

Counselors Vote Against Parochial Schools

Michigan faces a constitutional amendment on its ballot this year that would ban parochial schools from the state. As the state is just now much influenced by the Ku Klux klan, there is great doubt as to what the voters will do with the issue. The Michigan Christian Advocate, Methodist organ for the state, advises its readers to support the proposal, on the basis that it can hardly pass, but that a heavy vote in its favor will put pressure upon the Catholic authorities to bring their parochial schools up to a higher standard of equipment and teaching. The editor has been inspecting some of the Catholic schools, and reports them as woefully lacking in equipment, especially for the teaching of science.

JUBILEE MARKS CONVENTION

(Continued from page 1414)

Disciples stand for the right of private interpretation, recommended no action, and the convention approved the recommendation.

The second attack, embodied in a resolution directed against Dr. Ainslie and the organization of which he is president, was more serious. In view of Dr. Ainslie's stand for open membership it called for his resignation from the leadership of the Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity, or, failing that, for the elimination of the association from the list of organizations reporting to the international convention. The committee rec-

commendation was identical with that in the case of open membership churches, "no action." And the convention upheld the recommendation by a hearty majority. But when the conservatives refused to drop the matter there, and brought in a single resolution calling for the severance of ties with the association, the committee on recommendations, and later the convention, tried to get out from under the whole matter by referring it to a special committee appointed earlier in the session to secure harmony within the denomination.

This special committee is an outgrowth of the bitter fight that has been made upon the United Christian Missionary society, the unified benevolent agency of the Disciples, by the Christian Standard, the most conservative paper within the denomination. In an effort to bring the two parties to this controversy face to face to "talk over their disagreement in a brotherly, heart to heart way," a special committee of five persons was voted. These mediators are to be chosen from the executive committee of the international convention, two of them by the society, two by the malcontents, and the other by the committee itself. It remains to be seen whether they can accomplish much by way of peace, especially when, to the pacification of the intransigent Christian Standard, there is added the task of restoring the Christian unity body to the good graces of the closed membership forces. As pacifiers the committee would appear to have its work cut out for it.

The convention, calling war "a violation of the teachings of Jesus" adopted strong resolutions in favor of the outlawry of the whole war system, and provided a permanent committee to conduct the denomination's effort for peace. The full text of these resolutions will appear in a later issue.

Three speakers commanded especial attention. Sherwood Eddy, with his depiction of the struggle between Christian and pagan ideals in all lands and his story of the youth movement around the world, lifted the convention to new heights. Raymond Robins, with his plea for the outlawry of war, swept the great body into a sense of the hideousness of the war system and the possibility of removing it. And R. L. Doan, a layman who has traveled much in mission lands, in talking on what Christianity faces today in the far east, gave an interpretation of the missionary task that at once sobered and inspired.

"China presents the most potent possibilities in the world for an untrammelled Christianity," Mr. Doan declared. "India offers a field in which the most tremendous social changes will soon take place with or without the aid of Christianity. The Philippines contain a self-assertive, self-conscious, newly literate leadership which will no longer brook the interference of a divided Christianity. These conditions will not wait. We cannot quibble by the presentation of our differences to these people. Methodists, Disciples, Presbyterians and the more than one hundred other Christian organizations working in these lands must either recognize as a Christian every person who lives a Christ-like life or our cause is lost so far as our generation is concerned."

The convention voted to hold its 1925 session in Oklahoma City, Okla., and elected Dr. John H. Goldner, for 25 years pastor of the strong Euclid avenue church, Cleveland, to the presidency of the next session. Dr. Walter S. Athearn, dean of the school of religious education of Boston university, was elected first vice-president. Dr. Goldner will be fortunate if he can direct the deliberation of the body with as little friction as did Dr. Cory. The huge dimensions of the Cleveland auditorium, and the tendency of a certain part of the audience to pass in and out of the main hall as the sessions were in progress, made it hard for both presiding officer and speakers. The amplifier helped somewhat to overcome the difficulties, and Dr. Cory's persuasive good nature even more. The Disciples were in good fortune in their presiding officer at Cleveland.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Documents on Christian Unity, by G. K. A. Bell, Oxford, \$2.50.
 Myths and Legends of India, J. M. Macfie. T. & T. Clark, \$2.75.
 The Art of Helping People Out of Trouble, by Karl DeSchweinitz. Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.00.
 Stories of the Birds, by M. C. Carey. Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.00.
 Little Pioneers of the Fir-Tree Country, by Mabel G. Cleland. Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.50.
 Leaves From the Golden Bough, culled by Lady Frazer. Macmillan, \$3.00.
 Our Presidents, by James Morgan. Macmillan, \$2.50.
 Symphonic Sermons, by William L. Stidger. Doran, \$2.50.
 The Genius of Israel, by Carleton Noyes. Houghton, Mifflin, \$5.00.
 Jesus, the Man, by Victor E. Harlow. Harlow Publ. Co.
 Spanish Gold, by G. A. Birmingham. Doran, \$2.00.
 The Book of Daniel Drew, by Bouck White. Doran, \$2.00.
 Jim Maitland, by H. C. McNeile. Doran, \$2.00.
 Outlines of Sermons for Special Occasions, by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. Doran, \$1.50.
 The New Psychology and the Preacher, by H. Crichton Miller. Thomas Seltzer, \$2.00.
 A Life of Christ for Young People, by Harold B. Hunting. Minton, Balch & Co., \$2.00.
 The New Spoon River, by Edgar Lee Masters. Boni, \$2.50.
 Cyclopaedia of Pastoral Methods, by Rev. G. B. F. Hallock. Doran, \$2.50.
 The Writings of the New Testament, by Philip Vollmer. Revell, \$1.50.
 Culture and Restraint, by Hugh Black. Revell, \$2.00.
 The Millennium Bible, by William Edward Biederwolf. W. P. Blessing Co.
 The White Monkey, by John Galsworthy. Scribner's \$2.00.
 Men Who Met Jesus, by F. Chenhalls Williams. Longmans, Green, \$1.25.
 Climbing Manward, by Frank H. Cheley. Macmillan, \$1.75.
 Liberalizing Liberal Judaism, by James Waterman Wise. Macmillan, \$1.50.
 Except Ye Be Born Again, by Philip Cabot. Macmillan, \$1.50.
 The Gospel at Corinth, by Rev. Richard Roberts. Macmillan, \$1.75.
 The Pointed People, by Rachel Lyman Field. Yale, \$1.25.
 Fifty Years on the Old Frontier, by James H. Cook. Yale, \$4.00.
 Conflicts With Oblivion, by Wilbur C. Abbott. Yale, \$4.00.
 At the Gateways of the Day, by Padriac Colum. Yale, \$2.50.
 Pilgrims of the Lonely Road, by Gaius Glenn Atkins. Revell, \$2.00.
 The Arab at Home, by Paul W. Harrison. Crowell, \$3.50.
 Life in Fellowship, by John P. Maud. Macmillan, \$1.00.

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